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A Revolution in Cotton

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Reviewed by ROBERT FORSYTHE

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New Masses

OCTOBER 8, 1935

Al Smith Preaches

AL SMITH was entirely too modest when he told the Eucharistic Congress that "I won't discuss the economic phases of Communism . . . because I don't know anything about them." In justice to himself he should have claimed credit for a great deal more ignorance. He didn't quite live up to his promise; he prefaced his long speech with the statement that "even the poorest worker in a capitalistic state is better off than a rich one [!] in a Communistic state." But in the main he stuck to religious terminology and painted himself as a man who loves everybody. Not that he is vain or self-righteous; he just wanted to contrast his own all-embracing love with the attitude of a "Commissioner of Education in Soviet Russia," whom he quoted as saying that "we hate Christians." To a man who loves everybody the economic phases of Christianity are, of course, crystal clear: "the right to hold property is a God-given right and the constitution of the United States says that it is a God-given right," he declared. There was more in this same pious vein but Al's ignorance led him to overlook entirely the persecution of Catholics in Nazi Germany. We hate to be skeptical but it seems to us that Brother Smith's sentiments owe more to his reading of the Hearst press than they do to a perusal of the Bible, a suspicion helped by the recent revelation there that the Happy Warrior is being considered to lead an anti-labor party in 1936.

"A GOD-GIVEN RIGHT" *Russell T. Limbach*

Where Life Improves

THE food-card system has been abolished in the Soviet Union and, coincidentally, drastic reductions in all commodity prices have been made. The discarding of the rationing system is a reflection of the fact that the internal economy of the Soviet Union is continually improving and that enough foodstuffs are being produced and distributed to guarantee every person an adequate supply without state intervention to regulate the flow of supplies. Another important step was taken last week with the decision to liquidate urban cooperative stores and concentrate all energies on the building of the cooperatives in the villages. The larger cities have always enjoyed a certain advantage over rural districts because of the weakness of Soviet transport. The rapid growth of retail facilities now enables the open stores to care for the wants of city workers and the decision to strengthen village cooperatives has been undertaken to establish equality between city and countryside, always one of the ideals of the Socialist State. Improvement in railroads makes it certain that consumers' goods can be supplied to rural areas and with Soviet factories reaching new levels in production there is every reason to believe that the peasants are faced with the agreeable prospect of a rapid rise in their already improved standard of living. It is significant that while commodity prices are being reduced in the Soviet Union they are rising precipitously in fascist Italy and Nazi Germany.

It's Smart To Be Thrifty

WITH President Roosevelt's reelection campaign under way, he has issued his budget statement. He said he did not plan to seek new or higher taxes and that the estimated government deficit for the current fiscal year would be reduced by about a billion and a quarter dollars. (The total deficit he had estimated last January at somewhat over four and a half billion dollars.) The plan for reducing

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the debt is such a simple one that it has drawn enthusiastic hosannahs from all the reactionaries in the country. Nearly a half billion dollars is to be saved on relief. The expenditure of the four billion fund is to be held down to three billion dollars, it is intimated. "The work-relief program designed to put 3,500,000 unemployed men on useful work has moved more slowly than I hoped," Roosevelt said. He furnished the reason for the delay in stating that the estimated deficit for 1935 was less by $1,205,000,000. How was this done? "Of this difference between estimated and actual expenditures nearly a billion dollars was for account of recovery and relief," President Roosevelt stated. In all other ways the government "saved" only some $200,000,000, so that it was by chiseling on the workers that Roosevelt was enabled to claim his financial "triumph." Even with the lowered estimates, the total national debt at the end of the 1936 fiscal year is now indicated as $34¼ billion. Everyone can draw his own picture of what further reductions in relief will be instituted if Roosevelt is re-elected.

Across the Borders

WHILE the League of Nations concerns itself with the Italo-Ethiopian dispute, two imperialist powers not in the League utilize the war danger to advance their own ambitions for territorial expansion. In the Far East, Japan quietly moves greater armies into North China, preparatory to invading China, or, if the time seems ripe, to launch the always imminent offensive against the Soviet Union. In Europe, Hitler hurls war threats at Lithuania with an eye to a possible attack on the U.S.S.R. if the other nations become embroiled in the Ethiopian dispute. The Nazis have long cherished the idea of grabbing the Ukraine; in the event of such an attack, they fully expect Japan to back them up in the Far East. Poland has entered into an anti-Soviet alliance with the Nazi government; Premier Goemboes of Hungary has visited Berlin to determine what the alliance could offer his country. As we go to press, severe rioting has taken place in the Memel elections: German fascism fights Lithuanian fascism for control of the supposedly autonomous area that separates Lithuania from East Prussia. The elections will settle the control of the Memel Diet—whether it will be under the domination of Hitler or under the sway of Lithuania, which has been granted sovereignty over the territory by the League. Memel, long populated by Germans, will undoubtedly give the German candidates a majority. Both Lithuania and the Nazis charge each other with intimidating voters, interfering at the polls, sabotage, inflammatory propaganda. The Nazi barrage of threats has undoubtedly made an impression in the autonomous area. Hitler's open desire to seize Memel is not solely for the benefits to be gained by adding this strip of land to the Third Reich; its value lies in its being a convenient jumping off place for an attack against the Soviet Union.

MEANWHILE, the League has "definitely" warned Mussolini to give up his plans of aggression in Ethiopia or face at least restricted sanctions. Despite this seemingly uncompromising opposition to the Italian program, there remains a considerable danger that France and England will find some way by which they can grant Mussolini's desire for another African colony. The possibility of the imperialist nations partitioning Ethiopia — in reality transforming it into an Italian possession—is by no means out of the question. For it is apparent that Mussolini will attack Ethiopia whether or not the League approves. At home he faces a bankrupt treasury and the rising discontent of the masses. The standard of living has dropped in Italy to a lower level than exists in any other European country. Italy has lost almost all foreign credits and has managed to isolate itself from the majority of the great powers. It has lost British friendship. Mussolini dare not bring his legions home from Africa without showing a substantial victory and increased possessions. And even were the League to grant him a free hand in Ethiopia, the Italians cannot expect to occupy the country without conquering the Ethiopian army. War seems certain in Africa; what is not certain is whether Mussolini will face concerted action of the League of Nations or whether France and England will find some "compromise" which will allow Italian fascism to swallow up a small colonial nation. The most effective obstacle to Mussolini's scheme is the united stand of the international working class in conjunction with the Soviet Union. This opposition alone can force the imperialist powers to exercise sanctions against Italian aggression, force Italy to forego its drive for colonial aggrandizement and halt the immediate outbreak of a world war.

The Legion Meets

THE little clique that has dominated the American Legion ever since the founding of the organization is still in the saddle. While many delegates at St. Louis amused themselves by tearing up telephone directories and tossing water out of hotel windows, representatives of the bankers and industrialists wrote and pushed through a series of anti-labor measures, directed against the best interests of the great majority of legionnaires. These measures are disguised as patriotic expedients to curb un-Americanism but they are designed for use against workers in strikes and labor disputes. Not only did the King-Makers—the appellation fastened by former soldiers on the group that bosses the Legion—push through their anti-working class rules but they kept the demand for bonus payments within bounds. Within the past two years the sentiment for payment of the bonus has grown so strong that Legion dictators no longer dare to oppose it openly; their concern now is to see that the impending bonus payment is not shouldered by the rich. With that end in view, they are bitterly hostile both to the Patman inflationary measure and the resolution introduced by Congressman Marcantonio to collect bonus taxes through a levy on large individual and corporate fortunes. The same sinister forces that sent these soldiers to France to collect banking investments under the guise of making the world safe for democracy are engaged in an attempt to make the Legion a bulwark of fascism through the use of cheap flag-waving devices.

Blacklist on the West Coast

THE Waterfront Employers on the West Coast continue to violate the arbitration agreement made with the International Longshoremen's Association last year. Obviously, the employers intend to force a strike, hoping thereby to break the strength of the maritime unions. The latest move is the wholesale blacklisting of longshoremen who refuse to break through picket lines and unload scab cargo. While some fourteen companies shipping river cargo have recognized the Bargemen's Union (an affiliate of the I.L.A.) and have signed agreements with the union, three companies refuse to come into

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the agreement. Similarly, the Santa Cruz Packing Co. has locked out employes who dared join the warehousemen's organization (another I.L.A. affiliate). When longshoremen are ordered to the docks to unload cargo of these two companies, they naturally turn down the jobs—as the award states they are permitted to do. The Waterfront Employers retaliate by blacklisting such men—a flagrant violation of the terms of the award. Harry Bridges, president of the San Francisco local of the I.L.A., stated the workers' case with admirable clarity in an answer to the employers:

> If an employer can blacklist a man who refuses to work a particular kind of cargo, the right of the man to choose his job means nothing, even though this right is guaranteed by the award. . . . If trouble comes to the San Francisco waterfront, it will not be of the longshoremen's making. However, they are determined to hold the gains granted them.

And while longshoremen have been awarded back pay totaling more than $250,000, the owners have so far refused to pay this debt. The capitalist press willingly endorses the line laid down by the employers: provoke a strike, import strike-breaking thugs, call out the National Guard, shoot the workers, lynch Bridges, break the unions and be done finally with the rank and file who have the presumption to demand decent working conditions and a living wage and who refuse to scab on fellow workers.

The Miners Win

THE annual convention of the American Federation of Labor in Atlantic City next week will consider a host of problems which are of life and death importance to unionism. One of these is the question of industrial unionism—the "horizontal" versus the "vertical" form of organization. The old craft unionism, for which the late Gompers fought so valiantly—with the hearty support of the employers—is as outmoded as a 1900 horseless carriage. The worker has learned many a painful lesson. He has, in the past week, gained another valuable experience. He saw four hundred thousand men in one industry could walk out as one man and return with important concessions. The partial victory of the bituminous coal miners, organized "horizontally" in the United Mine Workers, netted them a 10-percent increase in wages, a gain achieved almost wholly because the miners possess an industrial union. Despite numerous obstacles, the lassitude of the top leadership, if not its outright sabotage, and lack of preparation, the miners were able to wrest a relatively big concession from one of the most powerful aggregations of industrialists in the land, the coal operators. The Guffey Law, finally rushed into existence, did not help the miners one bit. They relied only upon their own organization, their willingness to strike, and it worked. Beginning this week the day men will be paid $5.50 for a seven-hour day, while the loaders will get an increase of nine cents a ton and a 10-percent increase on the "dead work" scale. The agreement will continue for the next 18 months—but this does not mean peace will reign over the coal fields. The victory did not include the captive mines of the steel trusts. The owners of steel do not recognize the U.M.W. Thousands of men impressed into the company unions are yet to be won..

The Old Yellow Dog

EIGHTY-FIVE teachers went on strike last July for a few hours to show their solidarity with the working class. Eighty-five teachers, working on W.P.A., were immediately dismissed by Superintendent Campbell for their action, because the Superintendent of Schools objected to strikes and because he had the power to reject W.P.A. workers employed by the government. The teachers were thereupon discriminated against by the W.P.A. for many weeks on the grounds that it was "impossible" to place them in other projects. Continued mass pressure finally forced General Johnson's aide, Mrs. Rosenberg, to find jobs for these white-collar workers. Now the Board of Education, after "reviewing" the case, demands that the teachers sign the following statement in the affirmative:

> If you are assigned to a school project, would you leave the children entrusted to your care without permission of your supervisory officers?

Congressman Marcantonio rightly calls this a yellow-dog contract. It is the "no strike" clause issued a week earlier to teachers dressed in new words. Besides, in addition to signing away elementary rights, the teachers receive no assurance that they will be taken back in less than six months' time. The Board of Edu[illegible] attempts to force

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teachers to ask permission of their employers before they strike or go out on a protest stoppage. The teachers steadfastly refuse to accept such conditions. They will sign no pledge threatening their right to strike and not guaranteeing their immediate reinstatement.

And Now, Mr. Ridder

GENERAL JOHNSON has made a habit of starting with a whoop, falling hard on his face almost immediately and shortly afterward disappearing with the remark that he was just going anyway. So it was with the N.R.A. which he "deserted" while it was proving itself a flop even before the Supreme Court's death blow. Now, the General has decided to "resign" as head of the W.P.A. Only two months ago he arrived as dictator of New York's relief administration. Hostile to white-collar groups, insistent that skilled workers should receive subsistence wages instead of the union scale, adamant on the point that the wages of unskilled labor should be $55 and no more, General Johnson has been forced by mass pressure to back down on every point. The unskilled rate was raised 10 percent; union-scale wages were granted; the white-collar workers refused to allow discrimination to be practiced against them. Victories won by workers are by no means complete; but General Johnson had been forced to give ground and if he had remained would have been compelled to retreat even further. Instead, he has "resigned"; he goes without the regrets of those he "administered"—probably to try his tactics on the coal miners. In his place steps Victor F. Ridder. The new head of W.P.A. in New York recently returned to this country aboard the Nazi liner Europa. He has headed The Staats-Zeitung, a German language newspaper published in New York which, though not too hostile to Hitler, attempts to pose as a "liberal" paper. Mr. Ridder was connected with Wall Street's Journal of Commerce. Workers, victorious under Johnson, can expect much the same opposition from the new director, who has previously been close to the General in the N.R.A. The necessity to struggle against attempts to cut out the standard of living of relief workers is if anything augmented. Mass action had effect on General Johnson; the same tactics will have a like effect on the incoming administrator, Mr. Ridder.

A Half Million Pamphlets

WE HAVE commented upon George Dimitroff's report to the recently concluded seventh congress of the Communist International, summarizing the program for working-class unity and the united front against fascism. The complete report has been issued in a seventy-two page pamphlet by the Workers' Library Publishers to sell at five cents a copy. An edition of half a million copies is to be printed and is already being circulated to the workers of America. This is the largest single edition of a political pamphlet in recent history in America, if not in its entire history. The receptivity of American workers to the literature of the revolutionary movement has already been demonstrated by the distribution of 250,000 copies of Moissaye Olgin's pamphlet, *Why Communism;* 200,000 of the pamphlet exposing Father Coughlin's demagogy and many others running from 50,000 to 250,000. In undertaking this enormous edition of Dimitroff's pamphlet the American revolutionary movement gives both its estimate of the importance of the United Front and its confidence in the maturity and intellectual capacity of the working class. Lenin, commenting upon the oversimplification of some of the pamphlets addressed to the Russian masses, advised against insulting the workers with "baby talk." In making available to the American people this impressive and timely piece of political writing the American revolutionary movement shows its Leninist faith in the working class.

Free Mother Bloor!

IF YOU fight in the labor movement for over forty years, if you have been arrested thirty-five times for militant action in the defense of free speech and for action in strike struggles, if you are a seventy-three-year-old woman beloved by the working class, then the "democratic" state feels it imperative to send you to jail. "Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor has just been sentenced to thirty days, plus a $100 fine or 100 additional days in jail, for speaking at a meeting in Loup City, Neb., last summer. Dairy workers were on strike; the vigilantes, with broomsticks hollowed out and filled with lead, attacked the farmers and strikers in the crowd. Mother Bloor and five farmers were arrested on the charge of attacking the mob of vigilantes! After two appeals, Mother Bloor, once a co-worker of Eugene V. Debs, member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, is taken to the garret of the jail in Douglas County, Omaha. In bad health, she faces death by such confinement. NEW MASSES readers are urged to send contributions to speed her release to the Mother Bloor Emergency Defense Committee, Room 913, 35 East 12th Street, New York City. The veteran fighter for labor rights refuses to consider herself an exceptional case; she will not accept freedom for herself while four other workers remain in jail on the same charges. To free the five prisoners of class "justice" and to prevent Mother Bloor being killed by the confinement, the Defense Committee needs $750 ($250 for costs, five fines of $100 each). The funds must be raised immediately, if the state is not to take the life of a foremost fighter in the labor movement.

Defending the Constitution

THE Public Service Electric and Gas Company of New Jersey wanted John Crempa's land. They offered $800—he said it was worth $10,000. They strung high-tension wires across the property despite John Crempa's protests. For eight years the fight went on. John Crempa spent six months in jail because he short-circuited wires. The fight continued until last week, when eight deputies surrounded the Crempa home and fired tear-gas bombs into the house. John Crempa, war veteran, his wife and 19-year-old daughter, Camelia, came out with hands above their heads. The deputies opened fire; they shot and killed Mrs. Crempa, an unarmed woman. They wounded John Crempa in the knee and hand. The daughter told the sequel to reporters:

> The deputy sheriffs did not stop after they murdered mother, but tortured father and me for nearly two hours in an automobile and in the jail of Union County Courthouse. One of the deputies deliberately shot the tip of father's left ring finger off as we were being led from the house after mother had died. . . . Another deputy attacked me with a blackjack.

THE deputies were only defending the Constitution as interpreted by the power company. The authorities immediately charged John Crempa and his daughter with assault and battery with intent to kill. The power company is very angry. Perhaps that is why seven of the deputies are not prose-

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cuted for murder. Perhaps that is why every attempt is made to whitewash Deputy Charles Remley's action in murdering Mrs. Crempa. He is charged with manslaughter. The state is none too willing to prosecute even this charge. But workers and farmers and middle-class groups in Union County are aroused. The power company evidently didn't expect such a united stand or the indignant demand that *all* deputies be prosecuted for murder. The Public Service Electric and Gas Company will find that to murder a worker may not be so profitable as the company expected.

Keep Moving

THE Roosevelt administration recently announced that it would close down all transient centers. It has already closed down over a hundred. Its policy is to kick the transients out onto the streets or offer them the marvelous wage of fifty cents to a dollar and a half a week working in labor camps in isolated parts of the country. A few months ago transient workers were put to work on private property in the New York state flood area. Forced labor camps such as this are being set up in other states, providing cheap labor for private employers. Did you say this was a *reminder* of Hitler's Germany? It *is* Hitler. But it is also America in 1935. And there are enough militant men and boys among the transients to resist such forced labor camps. The whitewash of the administration's policy by the Williams-Ijams report cannot blind the eyes of veterans throughout the country to what is happening to their unemployed comrades who must rely on the government for their bread. The silk-gloved policy that resulted in the transient camps in Florida and Georgia to divert veterans on the march from their bonus demonstration is now revealed as the iron fist.

Mr. Gannett is Worried

FRANK E. GANNETT, publisher of the Gannett newspapers, is concerned about the future of the Republican Party. Fidgeting over the outlook for 1936, the danger of dictatorships and the necessity to "bring the Republican Party back to the people," he has decided to launch a great investigation to find out what is really what. This laudable effort has taken the form of a telegram to members of the National Executive Committee of the Republican Party, propounding a question:

> How can the American economic system be made to function, within the constitution, so private business can put 10,000,000 idle back to work?

Mr. Gannett has sent us a copy of his telegram and wants to know how we think it should be answered. We are always striving to bring light into Egypt, and a Republican publisher in a teachable mood is an opportunity that may never occur again; but we fear Mr. Gannett has bestirred himself a little late. This question of how to make capitalism "work," of how to have competitive production for profit without having periodic breakdowns, with unemployment, widespread misery and above all the constant threat of war, has agitated the best capitalist minds since the modern era opened. The answer is that it can't be done, either "within the constitution" or outside it. The Communists, Mr. Gannett may be surprised to learn, have long ago isolated the dilemma which troubles him so, identified it and pronounced it incurable. They call it the contradiction of capitalism. You see, Mr. Gannett, it's this way:

Private industry isn't primarily interested in putting "10,000,000 idle back to work." Private industry isn't primarily interested in keeping 10,000,000 idle out of work. (The actual figure is much greater, but it doesn't matter.) Private industry is not primarily interested in how many are at work or how many are on relief or how many are starving. Private industry, that is to say, capitalism, is interested above all in only one thing: Profit. If capitalism could figure out a way to make profit by permanently employing every employable person in the country, it would do it. If it could figure out a way to make profit by throwing all but a million out of work, it would do that. If it could make profit by keeping half the people working and the other half unemployed, it would do that also. Whatever is good for profit, capitalism does, and whatever it thinks is bad for profit, capitalism not only doesn't do but fights to the last tear-gas bomb and national guardsman to prevent anyone else from doing.

So far capitalism's program is simple and it knows what it wants and how to get it. But capitalism is a system in which every member of the profit-seeking class strives all the time to get all the profit he can, and keeps steadily before himself the ultimate goal of every true capitalist, which is to get it all. Any capitalist who doesn't in his heart believe that he should be the boss capitalist is simply a traitor to his class ideal or a weakling. With free and universal education—for every capitalist is entitled to go to our public schools as a boy and our colleges as a young man—and the consequent diffusion of this great ideal among all capitalists, there is constant warfare among them, each one trying to grab everything. The only way a capitalist can make profit, of course, is to hire a number of workers to produce something for him which he can sell for more than he pays the worker. The more there is produced, the more there is to sell and the more profit he can make. With every capitalist operating on the same idea and the constant introduction of better and faster machinery, it is easy enough to see, we should think, Mr. Gannett, that every once in a while there is too much produced. Not too much produced to fill the needs of the people, but too much produced to be sold at a profit. Then we have unemployment.

Believe it or not, Mr. Gannett, this is, in a rough and incomplete way, the trouble with the American economic system, or "private industry," or as you call it yourself, capitalism. And obviously, capitalism, which means yourself and the Republican Party and the Democratic Party and the Supreme Court which interprets the constitution, isn't going to change all this by just sitting down and thinking up a good answer. The workers are going to change it—but that is another question.

You asked how the American economic system can be "made to function, within the constitution, so private business can put 10,000,000 idle back to work?" And we thought we'd explain to you why it can't. Now do you understand?

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THE TRAVELING SALESMAN

Russell T. Limbach

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Stay Out of the Olympics!

WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM

THE Olympic games are supposed to be a great get-together for the purpose of promoting brotherly love and equality, peace and civilization. The healthy youth of the world assembles to compete fairly and nobly in athletic and cultural games. Or something like that.

If the games are held next year as planned, they will be the greatest publicity stunt ever pulled, and for the purpose of glorifying reaction, torture chambers, "Aryan superiority" and the destruction of culture—in other words, Nazism.

Hitler has "summoned the youth of the world." The most elaborate athletic plant the world has ever seen is being built in the west end of Berlin. The stadium will seat 100,000 and the swimming pool is proportionately grand. For culture there will be a Greek theater. To house the athletes a whole "model village" is being constructed—under the direction of the War Ministry of the Reich. Berlin is tearing down old houses and putting up new ones, and another subway line is being constructed. The Olympics are going to be the proudest event in the history of Nazism.

Many of Germany's leading athletes have been hounded out of the country, along with her leading poets, novelists and musicians, but those who remain, in order to qualify for entrance into the preliminaries, must belong to a Nazi athletic club, from which all Jews, Free Masons, Negroes, Catholics or conscientious Protestants are barred. Of course also athletes must heil Hitler with the utmost enthusiasm. Otherwise there is no discrimination because of race, creed or color and all German preparations are being carried out in the Olympic spirit.

Frederick T. Birchall, Berlin correspondent for The New York Times, says:

> The team that will represent Germany in the Olympics will be a political team representing not Germany as the outside world has conceived her, but the Third Reich that is Germany as envisaged in Germany. As in every other activity, the Nazi State claims a monopoly right in sports. Thus, the whole Olympic organization and preparation are a government affair. The German team without exception will be expected to raise its right arm and heil Hitler. It will be wholly under National Socialist control and tutelage and it will probably be wholly Nazi.

A member of the American Olympic Committee, Charles Sherill, went to Germany especially to find out if the Nazis were keeping their Olympic pledges. In the private car which carried Hitler to the Nazi Party congress at Nuremberg, Mr. Sherrill found out all he needed to know and the Nazi propaganda ministry made public his findings. Mr. Avery Brundage, president of the American Olympic Committee, can discover no evidence of discrimination against non-Nazi athletes. Gustavus T. Kirby, treasurer of the Committee, agrees with Mr. Brundage and advocates "clearer thinking and less agitation." Frederick W. Rubein, secretary of the Committee, returned from Germany recently on the Europa and reported that there was "absolutely no discrimination" against Jews or anyone else in the German preparations for the games next year.

Fortunately not everyone agrees with these gentlemen and a considerable furore has been raised by those who do not favor sending American teams to Germany. One member of the Olympic Committee, Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney, is using all his influence to get the German games boycotted. Athletes, sports writers, newspaper columnists and Methodist organizations, among others, have come out against American participation.

JUDGE MAHONEY, a prominent lawyer, president of the Amateur Athletic Union, has been perhaps the leading figure in the boycott campaign. Mahoney, once a very capable athlete himself, is genuinely interested in the ideals of sportsmanship and fair play. For a long time he has been saying that America should not participate if the Nazis show any tendencies to discriminate against "non-Aryan" athletes in Germany. He was largely instrumental in getting the A.A.U. in December, 1933, to pass a resolution to the effect that if evidence of discrimination were established America should not participate. Now he is convinced "beyond a shadow of a doubt that there has been discrimination against the Jews."

"If the Nazi government were motivated by anything except the basest kind of an insane spirit, the indignation already expressed in America should have been sufficient long ago to compel Hitler and those by whom he is surrounded, to mend and change existing conditions."

Religious persecution interests the judge as much perhaps as unsportsmanship. "The banishments of nuns and priests and the imprisonment of many of them, the attempt by Hitler to set up a God of his own, for those of Protestant faith, and to direct the teaching in the Catholic Church, has aroused the fighting spirit of all who believe religion should be kept out of politics, and in the hands of those who know and understand the real and only divine Master."

However, it is not at all certain that Mahoney will be able to convince the A.A.U. at its December convention that the Nazi games should be boycotted. His influence on the Olympic Committee, a large and unwieldy body, is still more doubtful. The officials of that committee have yet to be convinced and it is up to those officials to call a meeting before any decision can be reached.

Brundage, Kirby, Sherrill et al, and millions of American dollars invested in Germany say that American youth must go to Germany next year and heil Hitler and glorify the bloodiest and most reactionary regime in the history of modern civilization.

Few, however, even now realize the importance of the campaign to stay out of the Olympics. It is not merely a rumpus over "sportsmanship and fair play" or even religious tolerance. More is involved than the millions of dollars that will be lost to the Nazis if America keeps her teams out. An Associated Press report from Berlin a few weeks ago said that "loss of the games at Berlin would come close to being a major set-back for the Nazi regime, economically as well as politically."

Irving Jaffee, winner of three Olympic skating championships for the United States and present world's champion skater, has been active with Mahoney in the boycott campaign. He is well aware that American investments in Germany are behind the repeated declarations of Committee officials that there is "no discrimination." "These fellows go to Germany on German liners and ride with Hitler on special trains and come back saying that all is fair and wonderful and that the German Olympics will be the greatest event in athletic history."

Jaffee believes that emphasis should be placed on transferring rather than boycotting the games. "My interest is in Johnny Q. Athlete who is going to represent America in the coming games. This is the event of a lifetime for him. He goes out from his community as the man of the hour; he returns the hero. He is not going to be sympathetic with any attempt to keep America out of the games. Four years from now he will be old and fat and settled down. This is his only chance. If he doesn't get to go he is going to blame it on the Jews, perhaps, and thus the boycott will serve to stir up racial prejudice in this country."

"Committee officials," Jaffe says, "are playing a waiting game. They hope to be able to stall until it is too late to arrange for the games anywhere else, then they'll put up a pitiful plea for the poor athlete, cheated of his only chance."

Heywood Broun has been writing and speaking against American participation. "While Germany's finest novelists and teachers and musicians live in exile or under sharp

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discrimination," he has said in his column, "we should not extend the hand of fellowship in games dedicated to the fostering of international achievement."

To show that popular sentiment in America is overwhelmingly against sending a team to Germany he conducted a straw vote over Station WOR. One thousand, one hundred and six votes were against American participation and only sixty-six favored it.

Westbrook Pegler believes that "The plans of the Nazis as they are now beginning to reveal themselves would make use of the athletes of some forty-eight nations to exalt everything that Adolph Hitler represents, including the kicking and beating of women by mobs in the streets and the assassination of thought, freedom and human beings."

THE boycott campaign is well under way in liberal circles. Columns have been carried in the daily press and prominent men have spoken, but certainly nothing except talk is going to come of the whole matter unless working-class sentiment is aroused. Here is a rare opportunity to deal a body-blow to Nazism and at the same time to bring before the American people in concrete and easily understood form the nature of fascism.

This is the time now for an anti-fascist campaign in this country which can be made to appeal to a wide spread of opinion. This is shown by a list of some of the organizations, publications and individuals that have already come out against American participation in the German games.

This list includes: the American Youth Congress, the International Typographical Union, the New Jersey Department of the American Legion, the Methodist Youth Council, the American Federation of Teachers, The Christian Century (Protestant), The Commonweal (Catholic), The Amsterdam News (Negro), The Daily Worker, Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, Samuel Untermeyer, Supreme Court Justice Pecora and Senators Peter G. Gerry of Rhode Island and David Walsh of Massachusetts.

"Public Opinion Speaks," says The Economic Bulletin, the organ of the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League, listing some of the above organizations and individuals. The Anti-Nazi League is very active in getting prominent liberals to endorse the campaign. But public opinion nowadays is more than the opinion of prominent men, as the Scottsboro campaign has shown. The American Olympic Committee officials can argue with Judge Mahoney and put off action; but they cannot argue with real mass pressure.

Already the campaign has the Nazis worried. The case of Miss Greta Bergmann, high jumper, has received wide publicity in this country. She was excluded from participation in the German field sport championship, a national contest in preparation for the Olympics, because she did not belong to the German Light Athletic Association. Unfortunately for the Nazis the news got out, and to counteract it Captain Hans von Tschammer und Osten, Reich Sports Leader, has written Sherrill on the American committee, that Miss Bergmann and another German Jewess, Miss Helene Mayer, have been invited to become members of the German Olympic team. Miss Mayer, who won the Olympic fencing championship in 1928, is now in Oakland, California. She declares that she has received no invitation from Germany and does not believe one will be forthcoming.

The Nazis may pull other stunts to influence opinion in America. They may even be driven to put a few Jews on the German teams—if any Jews can be found who are willing to represent and heil Hitler on this occasion—but a German-Jewish victory in any important event is unthinkable. Jewish persecution has gone too far and the Nazis are in no position to relax even to the extent of having to celebrate one Jewish athletic hero or heroine.

Recently there came a comment on Nazi sportsmanship in the form of a story from a Prague newspaper that was carried in The New York Times. Because of the censorship it may be impossible to get further verification of this report, but it has an authentic ring.

The Prague newspaper said that during a football game between a Polish and a German team at Ratibor, Silesia, a Nazi crowd began to throw stones at Edmund Baumgartner, a 21-year-old Jew on the Polish team. The referee had to suspend the game and the Nazis rushed on to the field and proceeded to beat Edmund Baumgartner to death.

Whether this particular story is true or not, it is easy to see why the Nazi officials will not and cannot permit "non-Aryans" to carry off any of the great glory that is to be showered on the German Olympic champions.

"Stay-Out-of-the-Nazi-Olympics" committees should be set up in every city and town in the nation. Every local union, Legion post, church congregation, Masonic lodge, etc., should be asked to pass a resolution, and most of them will do so with no hesitation.

The Anti-Nazi Federation, 168 West 23rd Street, New York, has drawn up a petition, printed copies of which may be secured for the printing cost, calling upon the American Olympic Committee to rescind its decision to participate in the 1936 Olympics in Germany and urging the Amateur Athletic Union to vote for non-participation at its December 5, 1935 National Convention. A million signatures on this and similar petitions will go a long ways toward keeping America out.

A "Boycott the Nazi Olympics" athletic meet was held in Brooklyn in August under the auspices of the Associated Workers Clubs and the International Workers Order, and in August the Anti-Nazi Federation held a rally in Madison Square Garden at which resolutions were unanimously adopted calling for the boycott of German goods, the withdrawal of American participation in the Berlin games, etc. Thousands of such events held over the entire nation, parades, demonstrations and picketing, will force the Olympic Committee to act, unless of course the campaign is postponed until the last minute.

Close Up this House

JOSEPH BRIDGES

Close up this house, this house is no good
Turn out the light, lock the door
People like us have lived in this house a long time
But nobody's going to live here any more

Nail tight the window, this house is draughty and dark
Cold in December, hot in August, with rats,
Having spiders and ghosts in the halls, bones in the closet
Children's skulls in the walls, the attic is full of bats

Take up the rugs, this house was never good living
It was the best they built before they knew any rules
They shouldn't have put the carpenters' bodies into the mortar
In the parlor were always too many fools

I have talked with the wreckers, I have talked with the architect
Where this house is they will build one of steel and glass
In the new house there will be sun but no preacher
Life but no class

So, tear the pictures; burn the letters
Bury the mortgage, throw the keys in the well
Cancel the paper; notify the postoffice; stop the iceman
Disconnect the doorbell

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A Revolution in Cotton

The Machine Picker Opens Up an Era of Greater Struggle

HAROLD M. WARE

The harvest of 1936 will see the introduction of a mechanical cotton picker that will complete a revolution which has long been under way.

The practical use of the picker means the end of the long struggle between the machine and King Cotton.

It means an even fiercer competitive struggle between the machine and the serfs of King Cotton. The arithmetic of machine economics under capitalism condemns Negro and white sharecroppers to lower and lower standards of living.

In a socialist economy, the victory of the machine over King Cotton would set free the serfs of King Cotton. Under capitalism, the introduction of the mechanical picker spells starvation for the masses now chained to cotton.

Thousands and thousands of croppers and laborers will be forced off the land. They will huddle together in the rural areas of the South, pools of humanity stranded by capitalism. They will spill over into the southern metropolitan areas, New Orleans, Memphis, Atlanta, Little Rock and Birmingham. There will be a profound intensification of all the social and racial problems which the contradictions of capitalism have created in the South.

There will be a profound alteration in the cotton map. The petty landlords of the Old South will fall by the wayside; and land which cotton should never have claimed will be turned back to the pines. In the Mississippi Delta the process of mechanization will be heightened and the plantation system will, more clearly than today, stand revealed as a system of capitalist industrial agriculture. The Southwest, still young to cotton, will make even further spurts, but will be compelled more than ever to keep one eye trained on Brazil and on the other cotton-producing countries.

Cotton creates problems which capitalism cannot solve. These problems are foreign and domestic. The mechanical picker will increase the intensity of these problems and introduce new and insoluble contradictions—insoluble as long as capitalism lasts.—THE EDITORS.

ANCIENT Egypt and India harvested their cotton by hand. Along the valley of the Nile, in the shadow of the pyramids, serfs bent their backs, harvesting cotton, boll by boll, with their fingers.

The march of time has transferred the bulk of the world's cotton harvest to modern America. The valley of the Mississippi bisects the most mechanically-advanced nation on earth, but the cotton harvest is unchanged. In the shadow of great industrial developments, Negro and white sharecroppers, the modern serfs, bend their backs—and cotton still begins its journey into world trade through human fingers.

The grains—corn, hay and unnumbered minor crops—have submitted to the machine. The production maps of those crops have slowly changed as lower costs attracted production into geographic areas suitable to mechanization. Cotton harvesting alone has resisted the machine.

Millions of dollars spent on experimental work since the Iron Age began have failed to conquer cotton. Way back in 1850 the first cotton pickers began to appear. Machines were actually tried out. Some of these monstrosities were so heavy that planks had to be laid in the fields to prevent them from sinking in the soft earth. Those that followed were extremely complicated, heavy and costly. They failed in the acid test of picking more cotton per hour at less cost per pound than human fingers could pick under the sharecropping system in the South. Thus generation followed generation and cotton remained a slave crop.

Out of the foggy background of these defeats, the Rust brothers of Memphis, Tennessee, have finally materialized a practical mechanical picker. Unlike its predecessors, their modern steel trailer-type machine is simple and compact, and weighs no more than a modern automobile.

The Rust brothers picked cotton in their youth. Like other southern children, they too became slaves of King Cotton. They hated picking cotton for half a cent a pound. The endless job of dragging their picking bags along the row in the hot sun forged in them a stubborn determination to build a machine that would banish slavery from the cotton patch.

In spite of poverty and the long history of failures which had created a tradition that the cotton harvest would never be mechanized, they persisted. The development of their machine and the fact that they have held on to their patents is a story in itself. The end of the story is that their company, the Southern Harvester Co., Inc., has at last been adequately financed. The steel dies are cut for stamping out machines on a mass-production basis next fall, priced at $1,000 each.

A new machine can be perfected only after it leaves the laboratory and is subjected to the incalculable stresses and strains of actual field performance. Consequently, the Rust brothers are building ten pickers for field trials in the harvest of 1935. Practical field operation of these test machines in as many counties will uncover the mechanical "bugs" that inevitably appear. Many of these "bugs" have been eliminated because the Rust brothers have already spent years testing their work in the field.

The International Harvester Company and others have experimental cotton pickers in their laboratories, but the Rust machine is unquestionably the simplest and most practical of all mechanical pickers—so simple and practical that the Director of the Mississippi Delta Experiment Station enthusiastically predicts almost immediate perfection.

The picking principle of their steel spindles was developed by the Rust brothers from their memory of Grandmother Rust as she moistened her fingers before twisting the cotton lint and winding it into thread on her spinning wheel.

The cotton picker is built on a light steel chassis which runs on pneumatic rubber-tired wheels. It is pulled and powered by any standard row-type tractor. The picking unit of the machine is hung on the chassis and is controlled by a lever. An operator who sits on top of the picker can guide the picking unit even along crooked rows by swinging the lever from side to side. Through the picking unit runs a broad endless belt, studded with steel spindles which are really only steel wires moistened as they pass by wet sponges. The belt moves around in an opposite direction to the travel of the machine. It brings the spindles, revolving at high speed, into contact with the cotton plant. With uncanny precision they select the open bolls, wrapping the lint around the steel fingers which are carried to the back of the machine by the belt. There the cotton lint is automatically removed from the spindles and blown through a pipe into a bag hung on the machine.

This steel robot will pick 1,000 pounds of cotton every hour, against the average of 10 pounds per hour picked by man. It will pick 12,000 pounds per day, against 120 pounds per man, at a cost of about 16 cents per hundred, against 50 cents per hundred paid to man.

Now for the first time the Machine Age challenges the traditional slavery of the cotton harvest. What will be the effects of the machine on the serfs of King Cotton?

THE Rust brothers may control their company, but they cannot control the effects of their machine on society. Under

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the capitalist system, science and invention are the chattels of the "boss men," available only to those who can capitalize and exploit them for profit.

The big "boss men" will capitalize the cotton-picking machine and evict the croppers whom it displaces. The more numerous small "boss men" will drive down the standards of living of their cropper families. Instead of breaking the chains that bind sharecroppers to soil slavery, capitalism forces them into a vicious competition with the very machine that should set them free.

True, the production map of cotton, like those of the other major crops, will change. Eventually the bulk of the world's crop will be machine-picked cotton. Cotton, like wheat, will flow into areas with suitable climate and soils that at the same time offer great level acreages that can readily be organized for mechanized mass production. The effects of the cotton picker upon cotton will follow the history of wheat production after the introduction of the binder. But while the course and tempo of these changes may be compared to wheat, we must remember that in spite of wheat's headstart on cotton, its wider adaptability and the greater ease with which it can be mechanized, wheat is still cut with a scythe on many mountain farms in the United States, and hand labor is still competing in the wheat fields of the world with the combine-harvester-thresher.

The technical conquest of the cotton plant consumed a century. It will take as long as the profit system lasts to eliminate human slavery completely from the cotton patches of the world.

The leather whip of the slave driver or the whip of debt in the hands of more polite and distant creditors, forces human beings to unbelievable limits. The human body is also a marvelous mechanism, more flexible and enduring than steel. Steel wears and rusts—man starves and finally revolts.

The Civil War shook the foundations of the Bourbons. It drove the old masters into bankruptcy and placed the new "boss men" in the big houses on the old plantations. Slave quarters became cropper cabins, spotted over the plantation. The slaves became cropper serfs and cotton continued its accustomed primitive demands for human labor.

After a century of capitalist development, cotton is still predominantly a slave crop. The new master may be landlord, manager or he may be the agent of a distant bank or insurance company; the slaves are now sharecroppers or agricultural laborers, both white and Negro. Separated only by narrow roads, Negro and white cropper families plant, chop and pick cotton.

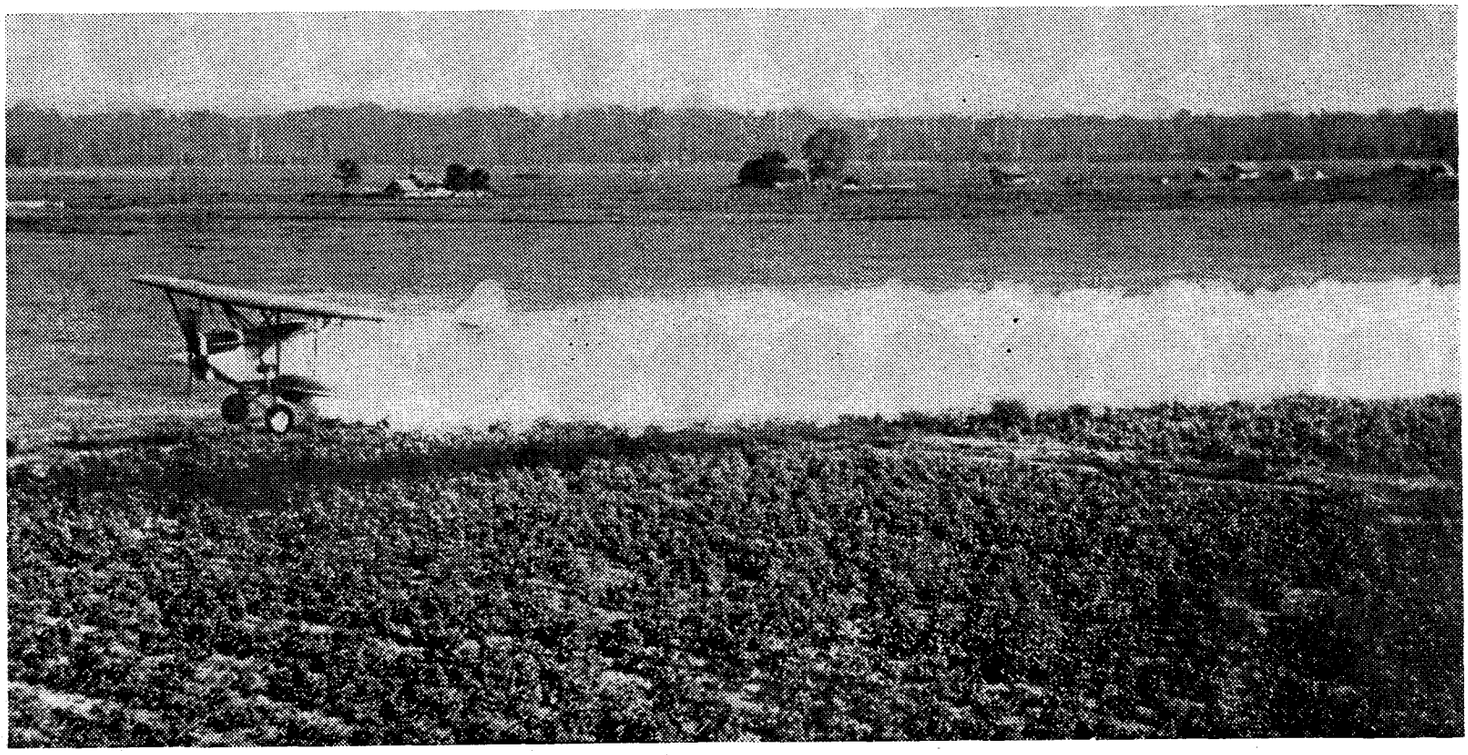
Yet these equally exploited families are wedged apart by the space of a fictitious race prejudice. From the cradle to the grave, the white child is imbued with the myth of "white superiority." With this weapon the "boss men" of the South have kept their cotton serfs in subjection. Any protest by Negroes is met by the terror of the lynch gang. Any protest by whites is answered by the suave statement, "If you don't like it, there are plenty of niggers to take your place."

Although tobacco, rice and sugar claim small areas as their own, cotton dominates the rural South from North Carolina to the Gulf and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rio Grande. The ten states within these boundaries produce 98 percent of American cotton and well over 50 percent of the entire world cotton crop. Even steel in Birmingham has not yet dethroned King Cotton.

We must not get the idea, however, that "the South" is one uniform cotton patch. It varies in soil, climate and topography. These geographic differences separate the South into three distinct cotton "belts." The rolling, worn-out lands of the Atlantic Coast states constitute the "Old South." The long, centrally-located area up and down the Mississippi River is known as "the Delta." Farther west, the drier, level, plains-like country of Texas and Oklahoma mark off "the Southwest."

These natural differences have affected the systems of farm organization and the forms of exploitation of the cotton serfs. In the Old South, the small landlord predominates; this is the *cropper* belt. In the Delta, rich, level and valuable lands have encouraged a larger plantation form; this is the true *plantation* belt. Conditions in the Southwest have given rise to a more independent and extensive system of farm organization. The thinly-settled lands demand migratory labor, for unlike the cropper patches, the southwest cotton farm is not restricted by the family's capacity at picking time. Thus, in terms of King Cotton's serfs, the Southwest is the *migratory labor belt.*

The differences between the cotton belts of the South have been reflected in the tempo of technical changes in cotton farming. The emergence of the mechanical picker does not start a revolution; it merely completes a process that has been slowly seeping into cotton culture.



THE NEW WAY—DUSTING BY AIRPLANE

Int'l

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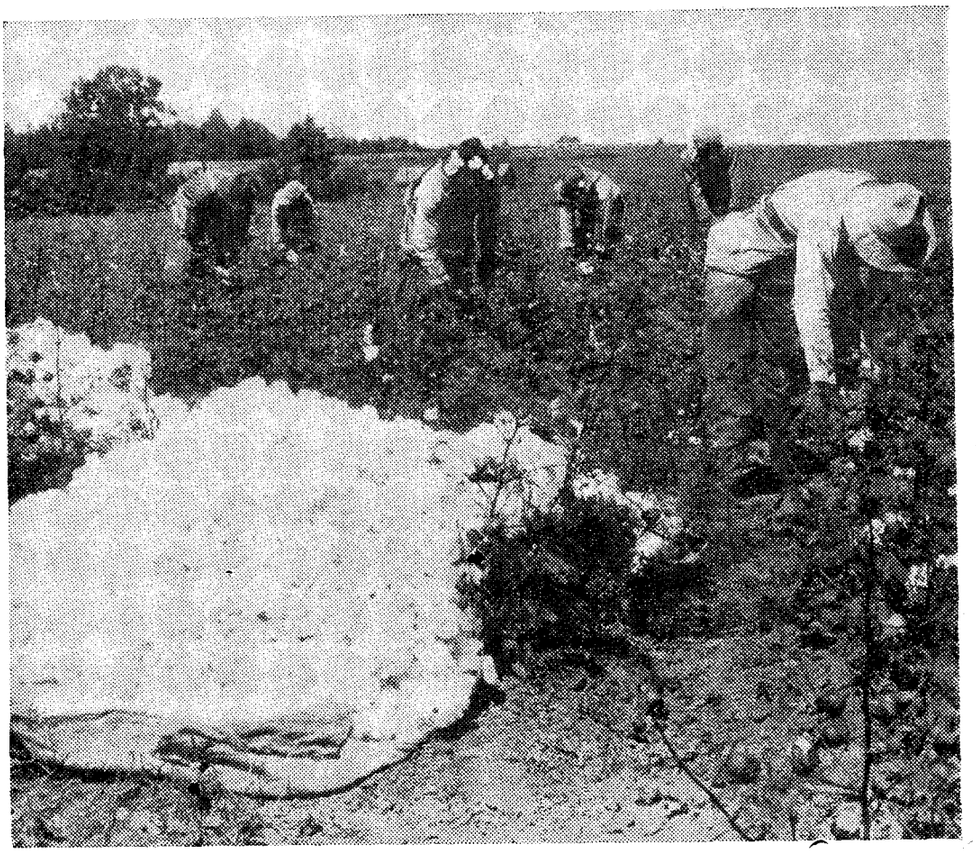
These changes in technique will be helped or hindered by the natural factors in the three cotton belts. The drier level areas of Texas attracted cotton production by offering cheaper costs and freedom from the boll weevil. This flow of cotton production westward was accelerated after the row-type tractor had demonstrated that it could profitably banish mules from southern cotton patches just as it had banished horses from northern corn fields. A study made by the Mississippi Delta Experiment Station (Bulletin 298) shows that the introduction of a row-type tractor system saves more than $6 per acre. But always the absolute need for human fingers to pick the cotton slowed down radical changes. Here and there isolated cases appear where plantation owners have kicked out their croppers and reorganized production with tractors operated by hired help. Despite savings resulting from this pre-picking mechanization, these big landlords have had to pay 30 percent of total costs of production when they follow their less progressive neighbors at harvest time and revert to the primitive methods of biblical days. In addition, they do not control the lives of many croppers and so must compete or wait for labor at the risk of loss in quality and price.



THE OLD WAY—PICKING BY HAND *Int'l*

ONCE the dominant producing area of the world, the Old South has gradually been forced to surrender its place to the better-favored Delta and Southwest.

Erosion annually washes millions of tons of top soil from this area into the Gulf of Mexico. Cotton should never have replaced the virgin pine on the hillsides of the Old South. The rising costs of fertilizers to balance soil losses and the laborious technique of terracing made necessary in fighting erosion in the cotton patches, have closed the profit gap between cost and price. These natural handicaps have all been intensified since the world crisis reduced demand and prices for cotton.

The desperate and stubborn resistance of the smaller landlords against the economic crumbling of their business meant sharper and sharper attacks upon the living standards of their sharecroppers.

At first, cropper furnishing, i.e., store credits, were cut down. Later the Republican Hoover Administration tried to save the landlords with Intermediate Bank Credits; Federal Seed and Feed Loans; and even Red Cross funds were used to substitute for furnishing.

Under the Democratic Roosevelt Administration, the A.A.A. reduction program has succeeded in pegging prices and putting some money in the landlords' pockets as rental payments for acres taken out of production or plowed under. But the powers-that-be neglected the human factor. Benefit payments went to the landlord. Eviction came to the cropper. It is estimated that 250,000 cropper families have thus been stirred into local migrations toward the southern towns, searching for relief.

On the edges of these towns the poor help the poor, taking them into already crowded cabins, worse than city slums. In this way these rural refugees are at least within walking distance of the relief stations. Their miserable existence is eked out by occasional employment on relief jobs at the lowest wage rates in the country.

In some cases croppers remain in cabins on the abandoned acres, desperately attempting an unfamiliar subsistence farming. What will happen to these "surplus" families when winter comes and with it the fulfillment of the President's threat to "quit this business of relief"? No one in the South dares to prophesy. The essence of the New Deal's relief program for these forgotten and dispossessed people is "slave or starve."

The petty capitalists and landlords wage their battle against bankruptcy by ruthlessly lowering the croppers' living standards to starvation levels. In spite of these "economies" in production, the Old South's proportionate share of the American cotton crop has steadily declined.

In the period from 1903 to 1907, the Old South produced 41 percent of the U.S. cotton crop. By 1932 its percentage had shrunk to 24.5 percent. This gradual flow, mainly to the Southwest, was interrupted by the severe drouth in Texas in 1933 and 1934. But the writing on the wall is evident: the cotton picker will only hasten the decline of the Old South's position in the cotton world.

Anyone who goes West from the Old South to the Mississippi Delta notices at once great differences. Unlike the rolling red and gray soils of the Piedmont, the Delta soils are black and fertile. The plantations are much larger. The cotton itself is more luxuriant and, as a matter of fact, produces a longer staple lint which brings a premium of one or two cents more per pound than the cotton in the Old South. More important than these, from the point of view of the cropper, is the difference in the plantation itself.

The big corporation plantations also have their "croppers." But they are no longer aggregates of loosely-combined tenant farms. Instead, everything is centrally planned and managed.

From an airplane, one looks down upon fields of cotton, miles long. The entire plantation area appears as a single farm, cut only by roads necessary to its operation. In the center, the great warehouses, gins, offices, stores and railroad station are bunched and give the appearance of a small town. Plant-breeding stations are maintained. Great fields, the acres rented to Uncle Sam, are devoted to large-scale forage crop production, harvested with the most up-to-date motorized equipment. The big plantation has actually become an industrial farm with a highly specialized personnel of skilled and unskilled labor.

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IN THE absence of a mechanical picker, typical big corporation plantations have tried to solve the problem of wedding modern technique to primitive hand labor in a single organization by modifying the sharecropper system. Central management, mechanization of cotton production up to harvest, in fact, all the "boss-man's" science and efficiency, enabled him to reduce the area allotted to cropper families and increase the area operated by the plantation as such.

On these big plantations, the actual status of the croppers is more nearly that of day laborers. Yet the United States Census connives with the corporations in maintaining that these serfs are "tenant farmers."

As material proof of this fiction, southern "boss men" exhibit the cabin in the cotton. But the cropper's "farm" surrounding the cabin is now marked off only by a few hills of corn that are planted after the extensive field operations are completed. The hills of corn mark the area which the cropper's family chops and picks, and on which his share of the plantation crop is based.

The surplus labor of the cropper's entire family is used in the operations of the big plantation area. Thus, during part of the time the cropper is actually working by the day. For a day that extends from "can see to can't see" he is given credit or scrip for 50 cents, good only at the plantation store. There "Mr. Clerk" does the same arithmetic on the cropper's day-labor account that he and generations of clerks before him have performed upon the accounts against a cropper's share of the cotton crop. The answer is always the same—the cropper still owes his landlord more labor for a store bill. For on these plantations the modern serf is compelled to deal at his master's store and to pay prices 20 to 40 percent higher than prices in the nearest town.

The evolution of modern technique in the pre-picker era reached its peak on the big Delta plantations in their fight against the boll weevil. Dusting with arsenate of lime is the accepted practice in fighting this insect. When the boll weevil first invaded the United States, the "boss men" found it both uncertain and costly to delegate the job to the individual cropper. Croppers had little experience and less understanding of the scientific necessity for an even and thorough coverage of the cotton plant. Much of the material was wasted and precious time was lost before all the plants were fully protected.

Driven by crop losses and high costs, dusting passed through a rapid evolution: from hand, to mule, to tractor—and finally, to airplane. While one man is dusting two acres, a man and a mule will cover eight acres and a tractor outfit thirty acres. The airplane covers one thousand acres during the same period! From these figures it can be seen that the airplane eliminates thousands of hours of man labor; and what is more important to the big "boss men" of the plantations, it is done more thoroughly and quickly. Damage is stopped overnight and the saving in materials alone actually pays for the cost of airplane dusting.

In the same period that the Old South was surrendering its share of the American crop to Texas, the Delta states were maintaining their share of approximately 27 percent. The fertile alluvial soils of the Delta plantations, with good culture, yield an average of 300 to 400 pounds per acre. Intensification of cotton agriculture by scientific plant breeding has led not only to the development of the plantation organization and applied technique already described, but also expresses itself in the fact that 500 pounds of lint cotton can now be obtained from 100 pounds of seed cotton. This is a tremendous increase and indicates that there has been an intensification of production per man rather than an increase in the yield per acre. In spite of these advances in modern technique, the necessity of picking cotton by hand has forced the Delta "boss men" to maintain hundreds of thousands of cotton serfs.

In the Delta towns on a Saturday night, thousands of milling Negroes remind you that you are in the heart of the Black Belt. At the same time, the sight of an occasional white man, always with a gun on his hip, leads you to think of northern industrial company towns.

When the picker comes to the Delta and completes the broken circle of mechanization, we can look for a rapid displacement of these Negro serfs. These company towns will harbor stranded populations in the same way that coal-mining towns found the miners stranded when coal was hit by competition with the oil industry and by the world crisis.

The southwest cotton belt owes its early expansion to its climate and level topography which help toward bigger acreages per man. These factors also offer a natural setting for low-cost mechanized production.

During the period 1903 to 1907, Texas production equalled the Delta's share of the U. S. crop. At that time Texas production averaged 24 percent of the U. S. crop. Semi-mechanized methods and hired-labor organizations of cotton farms stepped up the process and began its expansion into the plains country. By 1932, Texas alone was producing 35 percent of the U. S. crop.

These West Texas lands were hit by the droughts of 1933 and 1934 and the flow from the Old South to Texas was temporarily interrupted; but the long-time trend of production towards the 10 million acres of potential cotton lands in Texas is inevitable.

Already the southwest cotton farmer has departed from the old sharecropper system. The cotton farms in Texas are more nearly like those of northern farms. Negro farmers, croppers and laborers are in the minority. White owners, mortgaged owners and cash tenants are the common types. Even the extensive corporation plantations are organized in big units of white tenants operating machinery. These big units until recently have been entirely dependent upon the great reservoirs of migratory labor in Mexico. Thousands of Mexican families annually start a trek across the border in their rattle-trap automobiles, moving into Texas, following the harvest north into Oklahoma as the season progresses.

But the southwest cotton farmers have not waited for the mechanical cotton picker. In their search for cheaper costs of production for their short staple cotton, a simple device known as a "cotton sled" was developed. The "cotton sled" is little more than a box on wheels, the front end of which is open and attached to a metal comb. When this is dragged along the row it actually combs the mature plant and snaps off the bolls.

From this primitive beginning, the Texas Experiment Station and the John Deere Machine Company have evolved a more elaborate but no more expensive apparatus known as the "cotton stripper." The principle is the same as that of the sled. While it does a better job, it still mixes the snapped bolls with trash, sticks and dirt, which, together with the bolls, must be cleaned before ginning is possible.

In the process of mechanization, no single machine, not even a cotton picker, completes the process. The plant breeder is called upon to produce a plant that matures its crop uniformly and carries the bolls where the machine can reach them. For "strippers" this was of prime importance. The ginning industry was called upon to invent cleaners and driers to prepare and clean the stripped product. The "stripper" itself was the simplest problem of all.

Although the "stripper" is a compromise between hand picking and mechanical picking, it has proved itself in competition with hand labor. Nevertheless, it is a makeshift, for it adds several operations to the processing of the raw seed cotton. The mechanical picker, on the other hand, delivers cotton into the bag ready for the gin, as clean as if picked by hand. Just as surely as the wheat binder gave way to the combine-harvester which eliminated three or four handlings of the wheat crop, so the mechanical picker will displace "cotton sleds" and "strippers."

AS SCIENCE and invention continued their persistent attack to make cotton independent of hand labor, cotton was pushed into new territory further and further away from the sharecropping system. The mechanical picker now begins to push cotton into new frontiers even beyond the horizons of migratory labor.

The mechanical cotton picker's greatest threat to the Old South lies in the fact that it opens the door of new areas for cotton producers. At the same time it portends a future struggle between the United States and heretofore unused foreign acreages which can now challenge dominance of the world market by American cotton.

Inquiries concerning price and shipment have already come to the Rust brothers from planters in Egypt, India, Australia and

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Brazil. When the first shipload of pickers rides down to Rio, the battle for exports will be on. All the factors which so far have affected competition between our three domestic cotton belts will be intensified. This struggle for world trade will peg prices at levels that only the most favored areas can hope to meet at a profit.

Normally the United States planted 40,000,000 acres of cotton, producing an average crop of 14,000,000 bales. We used to export 55 percent of this crop, nearly 8,000,000 bales. Fifteen million acres were cut out by the A.A.A. program in an attempt to meet the lessened demand due to the world crisis. Foreign countries sprang into competition with American cotton, increasing their production as we decreased ours.

The United States exports shrank from 8,500,000 bales in 1933 to 5,700,000 bales in 1934, a decrease of almost 32 percent. This same decline continues into 1935. Comparing the figures for the period from August, 1934 to July, 1935, inclusive, with the same period in 1933-34, we have a further decline of 36 percent.

Just as Texas has been absorbing a proportionate share of the U.S. crop as a whole from the Old South, the export figures show that foreign countries have already begun to take a larger and larger proportion of the world market from the United States.

The struggling petty capitalists of the Old South blame Texas for their decline, and complain that the A.A.A. has put Texas in a favored position. Better intrenched corporation-plantation men in the Delta, sensing the potential competition of the southwest, also ask restriction of expansion in Texas to perpetuate their present stability. Now Texas must look askance at Brazil. For Brazilian cotton patches have of necessity been tied to the fringes of its small population which is near a few coast cities. In an area greater than the continental United States, Brazil has millions of fertile acres as yet unbroken. The mechanical cotton picker now makes it possible fully to capitalize this virgin territory.

If we compare the cost of picking cotton with the Rust machine to that of picking by hand, we get some idea of the tempo of the machine's introduction. The machine will pick 1,000 pounds per hour. The acreage covered is dependent upon the rate of yield. Although the average American yield is nearer 200 pounds of lint per acre, the plantations most likely to introduce the picker immediately are the large, high-producing farms. The following comparisons are therefore based on a 3,000 acre plantation in the Delta, yielding approximately 400 pounds of lint per acre. As the lint, the raw cotton, is only one-third of the seed cotton, a yield of 400 pounds of lint equals 1,200 pounds of seed cotton per acre. The total poundage which must be picked on such a plantation is thus 3,600,000.

If the landlord pays his labor 50 cents per hundred pounds, the total cost of picking 3,000 acres by hand would be $18,000. This is the rate plantation managers claim they pay as a "minimum." The Mississippi Delta Experiment Station in its Bulletin No. 298 shows that by squeezing down the "human factor" costs, some plantations might harvest the same area for $16,000.

All machine costs should be compared with this total. It costs $1 per hour to operate the tractor and cotton picker. Based upon operation of 12 hours per day, at 1,000 pounds of seed cotton per hour, the machine will pick 12,000 pounds of seed cotton for $12. To pick the crop of our 3,000-acre sample plantation will require 300 machine days at $12 a day—a total cost of $3,600.

BUT it is obvious that one machine cannot work a full year as the picking season should be limited to 75 days, and good farm practice requires the shortest possible harvest season. Therefore, to insure the crop, a 3,000 acre plantation would need to install four machines. Depreciation on four machines costing $1,000 each would amount to $1,400, if we take the high depreciation rate of 35 percent. Cost of field operation plus depreciation gives a total of $5,000. This compares with $16,000 for hand picking, at which scale labor receives the lowest wages.

This saving of $11,000 is not the full story. Savings in field operations up to the harvest season also favor the tractor over the cropper and mule method. As already stated, the difference is more than $6 per acre. In cases where the mechanization of the harvest induces the mechanization of production, a 3,000 acre plantation would show an additional saving of $18,000. If this figure be added to the $11,000 saved in picking, the increased annual earnings on a 3,000 acre plantation would be almost $29,000.

This is not just dull arithmetic. It is the arithmetic of technical advance in agriculture in spite of capitalism's contradictory and unplanned dog-eat-dog system. But because it is also linked with the expansion of capitalism into agriculture, it spells a vicious attack upon all those who toil in the cotton fields.

Finance capital is already loaded with submarginal cotton lands. Decreasing cotton exports and the prospect of immediate mechanization reduce to the vanishing point the chance of selling these rolling and eroded lands in the open market.

Out of this impasse has come a miraculous conversion of finance capital. It now appears as the spearhead of the campaign against the system of share-cropping tenancy which formerly paid it dividends. Its crocodile tears have won the hearts of a substantial number of liberals who have joined in backing the Bankhead Farmers' Home Bill (S. 2367). These liberals know that this measure will bale out the banks and insurance companies who, under its terms, are to sell their submarginal lands to Uncle Sam.

The liberals justify their strange bedfellows by claiming that they "see at last the liberation of the Negro and white sharecroppers from their traditional serfdom."

Actually, the Bankhead Bill, if it becomes law, will be the means by which both Negro and white croppers will be settled on submarginal lands of the poorest quality. At the same time as their real masters are taking full advantage of the new possibilities for mechanization and low-cost production elsewhere, the erstwhile croppers will be compelled to fish, hunt and eat acorns, because the primitive tools and poor land will eliminate them from commercial production. With these overwhelming disadvantages to face, these forgotten men will still be expected not only to grub a living for themselves and their families, but also to pay installments with interest, for a period up to sixty years, on the money which Uncle Sam advanced to the banks and insurance companies.

As tenants and croppers, these serfs have been unable to stay out of debt. Yet it is pretended that under the new regime they will somehow be able to make a living and also pay for the land. It is obvious, except perhaps to the liberals, that they will be unable to maintain such a pace.

The liberals insist that the government will exercise a real and honest guardianship over its new wards. The truth is that the new relationship means that Uncle Sam will be the new landlord. This is peonage on a grand scale.

And even so, the new peons will not be free of the old yokes of serfdom. The same "boss men" and "riders" who today crack the whip for the masters of the serfs will crack the whip for the government which is forcing the serfs into peonage. Organized into Bankhead committees, these tyrants will compel the debt-ridden "owners" of the land to work whenever itinerant employment offers—whether it be to scab in nearby towns or to do odd jobs on local plantations. The government will have to be paid, in cash.

The liberals, oddly enough, have failed to emphasize the fact that even after years of such payments the new "owners" will lose their land whenever payments cease.

Is there any doubt that the "boss men" of the South are planning to chain huge reservoirs of cheap potential and scab labor to the land? This scheme will complete the cycle of misery for the masses who produce cotton. From chattel slavery to sharecropper serfdom—they will enter the degradation of peonage on a grand scale.

The serfs, however, are showing no disposition to become peons. Even before the introduction of the machine commercially, they have begun their movement away from serfdom towards freedom. Recent events in Alabama show that they are capable of courageous and intelligent struggle. Whether the sharecroppers remain in the rural South or whether the machine starts them in motion towards the cities, these struggles will continue until capitalism is overthrown.

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Lessons

SAUL GREEN

ALL the night the flies had been buzzing busily about the man who now swayed so gently in the slight breeze. Contorted though the face was with its bulging eyes and protruding tongue and purple hue, the patient resignation to an ultimate destiny was clearly traced. The pain of the strangling rope had only served to bring it into sharper relief. Sunlight, shimmering the lazy morning clouds, dappled the branches of the tree with golden blobs and lent warmth to the cold man who swayed so easily. So gently did the man pivot and swing, the busy flies were not disturbed.

It had once been a handsome body, strong, beautifully proportioned. The length of brown hemp, with its relentless tightening, had braced the muscles into tens of knobby little bunches and though they no longer rippled beneath the smooth brown skin, told a mute tale of the strength that once was their's. Slender hands were still clenched as in that terrible moment when the thousands and one fires had rushed from his burst lungs to the scalding blood pouring over his brain and the day had become night forever.

Richard Lee was twenty-three years old when he died under the tree. But twenty-three years is a long time to live when you are a Negro and the Southland is your home. When the whites hate you and poverty is your path and your schooling teaches of dregs and despair. It is a long time to live when you are born resented and grow older resented because your skin is brown and your nose is flat and your lips are thick.

Does it matter which state, which city, which county Richard is a part of? It is the South—with its huge cotton fields and spreading tobacco plantations; with its colonels and its ladies; with its chivalry and its mint juleps; with its Jim Crowism and its lynchings.

Richard is not an individual, he is black, a nigger and perhaps not even that because while he was still being carried in his mother's belly, a white man, civilized, had crudely raped her on a clump of bush. He kicked her afterward because her swollen belly had interferred with his pleasure.

But Richard was born whole, without a blemish, a Negro. He never knew his father. His mother told him that once they had been very hungry, not plain hungry like now, but very hungry and Pap tried to beg some food. But he couldn't get any so he tried to steal some and got caught. Well, he was sent to the jail and that was the last she ever saw of him.

Till he was four years old, Richard never remarked his difference from others. Of course, his skin was colored differently from that of Tommy Driggs or Willy Penner and other white children with whom he played occasionally. But the wonder of that was never really impressed upon him until The Incident.

Somewhere he found a stone with peculiar markings, like a dog on his haunches begging. Proudly he displayed his treasure to Tommy Driggs. Tommy was intrigued, impressed and covetous. He put the stone in his pocket and made a face at Richard. Richard protested and was punched in the mouth for his trouble.

"Dirty nigger . . ." he was told.

The taste of his own blood did strange things to Richard. His fists flew out and there was some mighty heaving and pushing between the two. He was always a big boy, this Richard of ours (remember the muscles as he swayed under the tree?). Young Driggs followed him all the way home.

Laugh, laugh, you great big South. Ridiculous, wasn't it? The filthy little black dared rail against a system he was not yet aware of? Ho! That was funny all right. It was time now he began to learn and you'd teach him, the black bastard. That night you opened the big Primer and showed him his first lesson. He never forgot it.

The moon lent its magic to the night. It was a glorious evening with thousands of stars blinking sleepily in the sky. The air was filled with the scent of musk and dew, the trees rustled with contentment as the soft wind kissed their leaves. A night for lovers and dreams. The screams of Richard melted into nothingness and were unnoticed mid such beauty.

The drafty shack where he lived with his mother was suddenly filled with people, whites. The elder Driggs was blazing with anger as he thrust forward his son who sported a black eye. The bosom of Mrs. Driggs heaved with righteous indignation. Her boy manhandled by a black. Horrible. . . .

"Where's your nigger?" Driggs roared at the cringing mother. "Where is he, damn your black soul?"

Richard was brought forth cringing. Driggs' foot caught him in the pit of the stomach. "Whush. . . ." Richard gasped as he slammed against the flimsy wall. Details aren't necessary, are they? When the shack was finally cleared, a colored woman sat on the dirt floor, her legs drawn beneath her. Slowly her body rocked as she crooned comforting little things to the broken body of Richard clasped to her breast. Some distance removed, Tommy Driggs was showing his father the funny rock with the marks of a begging dog. The South declared a recess from school. The lesson had been taught.

SO he grows, Richard boy, the fellow that is destined for the tree. He learns the minor lessons with amazing rapidity; the lessons that teach of gnawing, constant hunger, of open hatred, of ignorance and of work. Oh yes, one must work, Richard learns. Watch the adeptness with which Richard picks the cotton, tends the tobacco stalks, heaves the bales, cleans spitoons, working, working. Of course he's paid. He's no longer a slave. Lincoln took care of that. Richard is paid his three or four or five dollars, good American money, each and every week he works. It makes his body strong, this work, strong so we can remember the muscles under the tree.

Richard is seventeen years old with six more left to live before he learns everything and graduates. Fate is tiredly sketching his face. It is not a difficult task for the artist, but such a monotonous one. There are so many Richards to sketch. He merely makes the eyes tired, the smile large. Those tired eyes, that passive resignation to destiny. A whole philosophy is instilled within them. A little work, a little gin, a little women, and a lot of death. But on with the lessons; we mustn't lag now. A bird is singing on that tree.

He and Booker Johnson had been close friends. Booker was only Richard with another name. They had tilled the fields together, gotten drunk together, had the same women. But Booker made a bad mistake. He attempted to organize the workers in the mill. Perhaps his activities were leading to a strike or an increase in pay or a decrease in hours and his bosses objected. Who knows, but anyway he made a very messy corpse. A damn fool, wasn't he?

Richard plods on, Booker's foolishness erased from his mind. He falls in love. This tender emotion is dispassionate enough to enter any body, even the black one of Richard's. Look at him, the big booby. He sulks over his mush, is strangely dumbstruck in her presence. He brings her silly little gifts. He struts his manhood before her. He kisses, even fondles her. It is strange, no, how those thick lips you abhor can whisper magic in her ears? Just like the white man, the civilized white man. He even married her.

It was on his twenty-second birthday. There was no plush-laid alter or elaborately-gowned priest. No choir of blended voices sang blessings. There was no honeymoon. Richard took Agnes to the town clerk, laid down the required fee to hear that sleepy

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individual murmer a few words and they were married.

It was kind of you, dear Southland, to allow these two children that precious hour of happiness. All the time you were gathering your skirts together so the wet grass would not stain them as you dragged Richard to the tree. He's nearly there, isn't he. In a little while he will jerk his feet and writhe as the rope slowly stretches. But we digress.

Richard is in love, he is married, perhaps he is even happy. It matters little right now if he must carefully watch where he walks or sits or rides. James Crow has taught him well his place in southern society. You must never forget that you are a Negro and that God walks in the person of every white man in the South. You must bow your head, Richard, and look in the gutter for your happiness.

NOW—watch him closely as his day is turning to night. The twilight surrounds him as he mounts those rickety steps. He is very tired but he whistles as his hand turns the door knob. Inside. . . .

Agnes lies on the floor gasping. That cheap dress is torn and swathes her body like strands of bandage. She twists and turns and drools at the mouth where a heavy fist had split the lips. She moans her story.

"Bill Jones. . . . I was alone . . . he bust in . . . said had job for you . . . we fought . . . punched me so much . . . tore my dress. . . .

Richard stands straight, tall, as emotion after emotion surges through his frame. Like the time Tommy Driggs struck him and took the stone. His eyes were wide, very wide, and the tiny jawbone muscles strain and loosen. He stands there for the longest minute of his life and then he dies. His heart continues to pump blood through his veins, the nerves still respond to the signals of his brain, lungs are still sucking air from the fetid room, but Richard is dead. Richard ceases to be from that moment on.

Tenderly he cradles the ravaged body of his bride. His awkward gestures strive to comfort her as he washes the muck from her face and places her on the bed. He kisses her once and leaves the room.

He traces a slow path to a house a few doors removed. Mechanically he opens the door and enters. His ears are deafened to the garish music, his eyes are blinded to the smoke, his body pushes through the moving couples on the floor. He sees a friend.

"Where's Gooby?" he asks.

"There." A finger points vaguely toward a corner. Goober Washington is a gambling man who sports a diamond horseshoe stickpin in his tie. A hard man this Goober, reputed to carry a gun.

"Gooby, I got to have me a gun." Richard is speaking even though he is dead.

"Yeah! Wha' fo'."

"Jes' got to have me a gun." The intensity in the voice frightens and fascinates Goober. Over and over, that same request. ". . . got to have me a gun."

The weapon makes a bulge in Richard's pocket. It fills him with power. His is the right now for his is the might. He walks very slowly through the street, remembering even then to keep his place. Now he's at that corner.

The crowd of white men looked up as Richard came into their midst. They had no time to resent his presence when they saw the pistol in his hand. Their mouths were agape as Richard spoke to one of their number.

"Bill Jones, you a bad man, a bad man, a bad man. . . ."

Jones, you are a white man, a superior sort of person who is civilized. It was your ancestors who settled this beautiful South. Yours is the skin that is white. You have lived your years to a code that teaches of inequality to others whose skins are colored otherwise. Yours was the power to apply that teaching. Now the balance is even because the black man mumbling at you holds a contraption that is capable of quenching the flame that is your life. Strange. . . .

Why are you cringing, Jones? Why do you whimper with terror and beg for something that is so passing?

The air was filled with screams of horror. Police officials appeared from everywhere. Richard was taken into custody. He fought back but to no avail. . . . He was booked, finger-printed, kicked about and

Julius Bloch

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thrown in a cell. Richard studied the patch of black sky as seen through the bars of his prison.

THE stage is all set. Dignified, courteous, the South sweeps into the theater. Neighbor Georgia bows from the waist to Neighbor Alabama. Mississippi smokes a long cheroot. Florida sips an orange blossom cocktail from a tall glass. The air is filled with light chatter.

The play being given tonight is not a new one. It is a periodic revival with a strong moral so necessary for southern culture. It appears the show never becomes tiresome, no matter how many times played. The principals are the only changes in the cast. The playhouse is darkened. The act begins.

The Negro looks apprehensive as the first shouts are heard offstage. The jail door is made of papier-mache. An excellent performance is being recorded by the sheriff. He looks so bold as he brandishes all those weapons. He fades from the scene after his brilliant piece of acting to a loud round of applause. Sound and effects. Blow your nose on the Fourteenth Amendment.

Richard would prefer to walk but it is more in keeping with the spirit of the thing that he be dragged, kicked and pummeled on the way. The fools think he is afraid. He is a Negro and he must die. He knows that. But still they hold so fast to him. Escape is the furthest thought from his mind. In fact, he has no more thoughts; they are beating and killing a dead man.

The tree at last. Patiently it has awaited and flourished. A toss of the rope over its strongest bough. Heave to, my hearties. The bough never even sagged under the extra weight. Crescendo as dozens of white throats roared approval. Goodbye, Richard, the Negro, who was twenty-three years old. Swing high and handsome and never the flies disturb. Sway and pivot gently until the sheriff cleaves the rope and you fall to the dirt from whence you sprung to which you return. You were an excellent pupil.

Joe Louis Uncovers Dynamite

RICHARD WRIGHT

When Joe Louis knocked out Max Baer September 24 he touched off celebrations in every Negro community in the nation. Something of the same emotional release occurs whenever a Negro triumphs in competition with a white person; it was present last spring when Jesse Owens was piling up track records and its reverse was shown when Negroes gathered in groups to mutter against adverse decisions in the Scottsboro trials. In the following article, the author, a young Chicago Negro poet, shows that Negroes considered the Louis victory more than a victory for a prize fighter; to them it was a refutation—a decisive, smashing one—of the theory that Negroes are inferiors who inevitably fail when they match skill or knowledge with whites. This theory of the inferiority of Negroes has been cultivated by the white dominant classes in America for centuries for it redounded to their economic advantage by splitting asunder the masses of laborers; it is the final excuse given to justify discrimination, lynching and exploitation. Normal and natural social intercourse between Negroes and whites is forbidden by both law and custom and Negroes cannot fail to see that those who make and enforce these prohibitions are white. Hatred and distrust flourish; nor do harassed Negro workers always distinguish between whites who make these rules and the great mass of white people, who though induced to acquiesce in them, are their natural allies against all upper-class tyranny. The triumph of one Negro, as in Louis' case, releases the hatred that Negroes feel for those who are guilty of setting them apart and for those who brand them as pariahs.

The celebrations following the Louis victory were not only tributes to the man who the celebrants believed had proved Negroes are not inferiors; they were also demonstrations against the whole system of white chauvinism. Anything that tends to widen the breach between the Negro and white masses is, of course, dangerous, but the group-solidarity felt by Negroes cannot be wished out of existence. They are not only workers, they are black workers—hence doubly exploited. The Negroes are a people, a nation within this nation, and this cannot, must not, be overlooked. It must be taken into account and the burden of removing this distrust felt by Negroes for whites must be borne chiefly by the latter. The Communist Party, consisting of Negroes as well as whites, has made valiant beginnings—the Scottsboro defense, the demonstrations against Italian fascism and in scores of other instances. But much remains to be done. It is apparent too that if the feelings vented by Negroes after the Louis triumph can be directed against their real enemies, the Bourbons of North as well as South, they will prove valuable in the common struggles of all oppressed, white and black, that lie ahead.—THE EDITORS.

"*WUN-tuh-threee-fooo-fiive-seex-seven-eight-niine-thuun!*" Then:

"JOE LOUIS—THE WINNAH!"

On Chicago's South Side five minutes after these words were yelled and Joe Louis' hand was hoisted as victor in his four-round go with Max Baer, Negroes poured out of beer taverns, pool rooms, barber shops, rooming houses and dingy flats and flooded the streets.

"LOUIS! LOUIS! LOUIS!" they yelled and threw their hats away. They snatched newspapers from the stands of astonished Greeks and tore them up, flinging the bits into the air. They wagged their heads. Lawd, they'd never seen or heard the like of it before. They shook the hands of strangers. They clapped one another on the back. It was like a revival. Really, there was a religious feeling in the air. Well, it wasn't exactly a religious feeling, but it was *something*, and you could feel it. It was a feeling of unity, of oneness.

Two hours after the fight the area between South Parkway and Prairie Avenue on 47th Street was jammed with no less than twenty-five thousand Negroes, joy-mad and moving to they didn't know where. Clasping hands, they formed long writhing snake-lines and wove in and out of traffic. They seeped out of doorways, oozed from alleys, trickled out of tenements, and flowed down the street; a fluid mass of joy. White storekeepers hastily closed their doors against the tidal wave and stood peeping through plate glass with blanched faces.

Something had happened, all right. And it had happened so confoundingly sudden that the whites in the neighborhood were dumb with fear. They felt—you could see it in their faces—that *something* had ripped loose, exploded. Something which they had long feared and thought was dead. Or if not dead, at least so safely buried under the pretence of good-will that they no longer had need to fear it. Where in the world did it come from? And what was worst of all, how far would it go? Say, what's got into these Negroes?

And the whites and the blacks began to *feel* themselves. The blacks began to remember all the little slights, and discriminations and insults they had suffered; and their hunger too and their misery. And the whites began to search their souls to see if they had been guilty of something, some time, somewhere, against which this wave of feeling was rising.

As the celebration wore on, the younger Negroes began to grow bold. They jumped on the running boards of automobiles going

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east or west on 47th Street and demanded of the occupants:

"Who yuh fer—Baer or Louis?"

In the stress of the moment it seemed that the answer to the question marked out friend and foe.

A hesitating reply brought waves of scornful laughter. Baer, huh? That was funny. Now, hadn't Joe Louis just whipped Max Baer? Didn't think we had it in us, did you? Thought Joe Louis was scared, didn't you? Scared because Max talked loud and made boasts. We ain't scared either. We'll fight too when the time comes. We'll win, too.

A taxicab driver had his cab wrecked when he tried to put up a show of bravado.

Then they began stopping street cars. Like a cyclone sweeping through a forest, they went through them, shouting, stamping. Conductors gave up and backed away like children. Everybody had to join in this celebration. Some of the people ran out of the cars and stood, pale and trembling, in the crowd. They felt it, too.

In the crush a pocketbook snapped open and money spilled on the street for eager black fingers.

"They stole it from us, anyhow," they said as they picked it up.

When an elderly Negro admonished them, a fist was shaken in his face. Uncle Tomming, huh?

"Whut in hell yuh gotta do wid it?" they wanted to know.

Something had popped loose, all right. And it had come from deep down. Out of the darkness it had leaped from its coil. And nobody could have said just what it was, and nobody wanted to say. Blacks and whites were afraid. But it was a sweet fear, at least for the blacks. It was a mingling of fear and fulfillment. Something dreaded and yet wanted. A something had popped out of a dark hole, something with a hydra-like head, and it was darting forth its tongue.

You stand on the border-line, wondering what's beyond. Then you take one step and you feel a strange, sweet tingling. You take two steps and the feeling becomes keener. You want to feel some more. You break into a run. You know it's dangerous, but you're impelled in spite of yourself.

Four centuries of oppression, of frustrated hopes, of black bitterness, felt even in the bones of the bewildered young, were rising to the surface. Yes, unconsciously they had imputed to the brawny image of Joe Louis all the balked dreams of revenge, all the secretly visualized moments of retaliation, AND HE HAD WON! Good Gawd Almighty! Yes, by Jesus, it could be done! Didn't Joe do it? You see, Joe was the consciously-felt symbol. Joe was the concentrated essence of black triumph over white. And it comes so seldom, so seldom. And what could be sweeter than long nourished hate vicariously gratified? From the symbol of Joe's strength they took strength, and in that moment all fear, all obstacles were wiped out, drowned. They stepped out of the mire of hesitation and irresolution and were free! Invincible! A merciless victor over a fallen foe! Yes, they had felt all that—for a moment. . . .

And then the cops came.

Not the carefully picked white cops who were used to batter the skulls of white workers and intellectuals who came to the South Side[1] to march with the black workers to show their solidarity in the struggle against Mussolini's impending invasion of Ethiopia; oh, no, black cops, but trusted black cops and plenty tough. Cops who knew their business, how to handle delicate situations. They piled out of patrols, swinging clubs.

"Git back! Gawddammit, git back!"

But they were very careful, very careful. They didn't hit anybody. They, too, sensed *something.* And they didn't want to trifle with it. And there's no doubt but that they had been instructed not to. Better go easy here. No telling what might happen. They swung clubs, but pushed the crowd back with their hands.

Finally, the street cars moved again. The taxis and automobiles could go through. The whites breathed easier. The blood came back to their cheeks.

The Negroes stood on the sidewalks, talking, wondering, looking, breathing hard. They had felt something, and it had been sweet—that feeling. They wanted some more of it, but they were afraid now. The spell was broken.

And about midnight down the street that feeling ebbed, seeping home—flowing back to the beer tavern, the pool room, the cafe, the barber shop, the dingy flat. Like a sullen river it ran back to its muddy channel, carrying a confused and sentimental memory on its surface, like water-soaked driftwood.

Say, Comrade, here's the wild river that's got to be harnessed and directed. Here's that *something,* that pent-up folk consciousness. Here's a fleeting glimpse of the heart of the Negro, the heart that beats and suffers and hopes—for freedom. Here's that fluid something that's like iron. Here's the real dynamite that Joe Louis uncovered!

[1] George Martin's article about cops smashing an anti-war demonstration in Chicago which appeared in NEW MASSES for September 17, 1935.

Correspondence

A Deadly Parallel

TO THE NEW MASSES:

In the interests of proletarian poetry and the best weekly in America, THE NEW MASSES, I thought it wise to call to your attention the fact that the poem "Sacramento 1935," by Clement Greenberg, appearing in the current issue of THE NEW MASSES, is substantially the same as a poem by Marie de L. Welch, called "The Harvest," which appeared in The New Republic on Dec. 27, 1933. The two poems are quoted below, side by side:

THE HARVEST By Marie de L. Welch	SACRAMENTO 1935 By Clement Greenberg
Now among good harvests The human harvest fails; The grain and fruit lie on the ground, The men are stored in jails.	Now among all these good harvests The human harvest fails. Grain, vegetable and fruit are ripened, Men are stored in jails.
The stem is rotten on the root And the seed on the stem; Store away the meager yield Of men with life in them.	The stem is rotten on the root And the seed on the stem. Go store away the meager yield Of men with life in them.
Store them fearfully away— The fellows who maintain The right to live as honestly As fruit and grain.	But store them safely away These fellows who proclaim That men shall stand up soon Ripe like autumn grain.
Wall and lock may have their hour, But the new crop will be grown From the seed that's hoarded now In the barns of stone.	Darkness and rot can have their time But bumpers will yet be grown From the red seed that's hoarded now In barns of stone.

Publication in THE NEW MASSES is an honor that a proletarian poet should show himself worthy of by doing his best work, authentic. original poetry forged by his sensitive, intense reaction to his experience. No friend of THE NEW MASSES should send in a poem that, save for a few changes, is the work of another author, and moreover, printed in another weekly! MIDI GORDON.

"No Coincidence"

TO THE NEW MASSES:

This is too close to be a coincidence. Something else is involved here, and I'll be damned if I know what. All I can say is that my poem was written in Carmel, Calif. some time in August, 1934. It was after the general strike in San Francisco and during the Red Scare. I had just been driving up the Carmel Valley with my wife, and the fields were tall here and there with corn. I came home and wrote the first lines standing up at our bureau in the bedroom.

Six months later I showed the poem in rough draft to my brother in New York and he suggested that I send it to you. I made several important changes in the poem and then did so. The third stanza was exactly as it is in Miss Welch's poem. Mr. Schneider sent it back and suggested that it might be improved. The result appears in my poem. This is precisely what convinces me that the resemblance between the two poems is no coincidence. Either there are mystical correspondences between people or else I'm an out and out plagiarist. Well, I know what I am.

I read The New Republic off and on. I do know that I had never seen Miss Welch's poem until it was shown to me by the editors of THE NEW MASSES.

I can't explain it, can't even suppose anything. All I do say is that my friends can tell you that "Sacramento, 1935" resembles my other poetry and is typical of it. CLEMENT GREENBERG.

Mr. Greenberg further informs us that before sending us "Sacramento 1935" he submitted it to The New Republic, which returned it. The question of "mystical correspondence between people" we must leave to our readers to determine, as it is a little out of our field. There only remains to express our regrets to Miss Marie de L. Welch and to The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

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From Tom Mooney

To The New Masses:

Again after nineteen years of living hell, I am compelled to make a desperate plea for help. With my hearing on a writ of habeas corpus before the California Supreme Court, September 17, the same forces that blocked every move for my freedom in the past are leaving no stone unturned to keep me rotting in this vile dungeon.

On July 30, 1917, with proofs of perjury in his hands, Attorney General U. S. Webb, of California, wrote the Supreme Court of this state: "Believing that justice will be subversed by a retrial of this case, I hereby stipulate and consent that the judgment and order heretofore entered in this case by the trial court be reversed and the cause remanded for a new trial. It is important to the people as well as to the defendant that such opportunity be offered."

Today, Mr. Webb has discovered the people are not the masses who demand my freedom, but the bankers, industrialists and their tools who framed me. Webb contends the onus of obtaining justice is on my shoulders, that I will not only have to prove perjury was committed, but that California officials conspired and were involved.

I can do that! But I must have your help. We are under tremendous expense. Possibly you have read that my attorneys were in the East obtaining depositions from key witnesses. Not only was this work expensive, but other legal costs before and during the trial will total at least $5,000.

The hearing is less than a week away. Not a moment can be lost. We have a glorious opportunity. I must not fail to utilize the coming hearing to the fullest advantage. To do otherwise would brand me a Judas, would be treason to the millions of workers and sympathizers who stood by me through the dark years. Nothing would suit California die-hards better than to find my case crippled for lack of funds. This must not happen! And I am quite sure that you will see that it does not happen.

If my appeal seems too passionate and impulsive, forgive me—nineteen years is a long time. With liberty on the horizon; with a ray from the beautiful sun of freedom penetrating the darkness of my prison tomb, I cannot help pour out my heart to you.

I'm sure you understand my liberty will be a victory for lovers of freedom and justice the world over.

It is difficult for me to receive mail at San Quentin. Will you please let me hear from you through my sister, Anna Mooney, who has charge of my Defense Committee, P. O. Box 1475, San Francisco, Calif. I entreat, I implore, I beseech you to help me at once. There is no time to be lost. With your help, I shall win.

Warm personal regards,

Tom Mooney, 31921.

California State Prison, San Quentin, Calif.

September 13, 1935.

The Artists Fight Hearst

ALFRED H. SINKS

IN the summer of 1933 a small group of artists was employed for the work of copying anatomical drawings at New York University under the then Emergency Works Bureau. Among this group there awakened a consciousness of what was happening to thousands of unemployed artists as the crisis deepened. They formed the Unemployed Artists Association; object, to secure for all artists a chance to work and earn a living within their chosen field.

The U.A.A. made contact with schools, societies, galleries, museums, patrons of art, politicians. Its campaign was broad but intensive. Two delegates were sent off to Washington. An intensive drive for government jobs for unemployed artists was fought through November. In December the P.W.A.P. (Public Works Administration Project) was announced from Washington. This was the first substantial victory for organized artists.

The jobs provided by the early P.W.A.P. showed a tendency to fall to a few favored artists whose wealthy patrons wanted them subsidized at the public expense but the growing U.A.A. continued to press its militant demand that artists be hired on the basis of need. Frightened by the massing of aroused artists before the Whitney Museum, the directress, who was also directress of P.W.A.P., ordered the building closed and took a hurried vacation. Cops paraded before the building on Eighth Street and Mrs. Whitney's collection gathered dust behind shuttered windows but the demonstration went on.

The P.W.A.P. was not an unqualified success. Out of 3500 artists registered for jobs only 857 were taken on. But it was a step in the right direction and while the P.W.A.P. was still operative, mass pressure directed by the U.A.A. against the city officials brought the College Art Association into being. About 300 more jobs opened up. But there was still a great deal of ground to be won.

Mass demonstrations grew ever larger and more militant. Mass action by artists had its dramatic aspects. The bourgeois press found it good copy. White-collar workers in other lines took courage from the artists' repeated victories. The aroused painters and sculptors were becoming a shock brigade for a battling arm of class-conscious white-collar and professional workers.

Politically activized though they had become, the members of the Unemployed Artists Association did not forget that they were artists. Toward the working masses of America they had a cultural as well as a political responsibility. The Artists Committee of Action came into being with the specific task of developing media for mass distribution of artists' work. Together with the Federation of Architects, Chemists, Technicians and Engineers, they developed the Municipal Art Center Plan and presented it to the city administration. The mayor flank-attacked by appointing a Park Avenue Committee of One Hundred to consider a plan for a Municipal Art Center, for the conception of which he modestly took all credit.

IT was inevitable that in the course of their struggle on behalf of all artists the U.A.A. should become more and more conscious of its role in the class struggle. They came to see themselves not as isolated individuals but as an integral element in the broad working masses of America. In May, 1934, the U.A.A. became the Artists Union, with a broader, social program. The A.C.A. amalgamated and the new union absorbed its functions.

The enlarged program was pushed with a deeper consciousness, with a new vigor. The passing of summer saw the membership jump from about 100 to more than 400. By January, 1935, more than 900 artists had taken out union cards and at the present writing there are some 1,400 members in New York City. The effectiveness of the fight for jobs for unemployed artists is reflected in the fact that in the present W.P.A. set-up, the appropriation for art projects is larger than that assigned to any other white-collar group. The artists have become the spearhead for the whole white-collar movement.

It is not surprising that a working-class movement of such strength should draw the fire of one of the arch enemies of all such movements, William Randolph Hearst. In the latter days of August, one of Hearst's trained *faecevora* was sent out with instructions to "get the artists" on W.P.A. and the Artists Union.

The unenviable assignment fell to Fred McCormick of The Sunday Mirror. Understandably, McCormick gave the organized artists a wide berth. He went straight to those Lethean Isles in Greenwich Village where the pale wraiths of a dead culture do their *danse macabre* in the artificial moonlight of a few guttering candles, trying to keep alive the old, bohemian tradition. Run with an eye to the tourist trade, these haunts had always been the ripest of fruit for the Hearsts and the Macfaddens.

The traditional habitat of artists, Greenwich Village has furnished yellow journalism and drug-counter literature with a purple setting for some of its most prurient fabrications. To a mind conditioned by read-

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ing Hearst, the word "artist" suggests with beautiful simplicity the word "models." And in the Hearst lexicon "models" has a very lively connotation. Throw in a dash of this sort of offal and you have the seasoning of a Hearst front-page story.

A Hearst story need not hold much water. so long as it's hot. And whether its object is the white-slave traffic or this season's most popular rapist and murderer or a political opponent, the technique never varies. All reporter McCormick had to do was run down to the Village, pick up a little cheap color and two or three names to give a spurious timeliness to the "Village stuff" he dug out of the Hearst files; then shovel up the whole putrescent mess and dump it in the lap of the Artists Union. He did just that.

The tone of the article was sneering. The words "artist," "art," even the modest monosyllable "work" appeared in quotation marks. A stenographer was found who would say of the artists: "They're a bunch of loafers, and don't deserve a bit of help." Another Villager discovered by McCormick gladly obliged by calling the artists "just—BUMS." But the all-time low in wise-cracking invective was struck by McCormick, who himself coined the expression "hobohemian chiselers."

ON the Thursday after the article's appearance, a delegation from the Artists Union called on Kenneth McCaleb, editor of The Sunday Mirror. Using McCormick as his messenger boy, McCaleb sent out word that he would be willing to talk with a small delegation from the Artists Union the following Thursday at four-thirty. The members of the delegation let McCormick know they would keep the appointment, thanked him and left.

But on the intervening Sunday the second article in The Mirror series appeared, and the hour of the appointment found several hundred artists parading outside the Hearst building in a mass picket line. They carried banners which read: "Don't read Hearst! He lies!" And their chanting voices could be heard above the noise of traffic.

Hearst hoodlums tried to break up the demonstration by bombarding the pickets with missiles from the upper windows of the building. Police were on the spot, but they made no move to stop the bombardiers, though a number of pedestrians, as well as pickets, were struck. However, after it became apparent that the line would hold fast in spite of the barrage, the cops decided to take action. They rushed the line in wedge formation, breaking it up into groups and preventing the line from moving. The chief police witness later testified on the stand that the artists were arrested because they refused to keep moving, but insisted on stopping and collecting in groups on the sidewalk! Forty-seven out of the two hundred in the line were arrested.

The forty-seven were all that the cops could cram into the freight entrance of the building, where they were packed into the suffocating enclosure behind the big, steel fire doors.

From there they were transferred in small groups to the Fifty-fourth Street police station where they were thrown, men and women together, into the crowded bullpen with pick-pockets, prostitutes, vagrants, dope fiends and drunks. Among the artists were some veterans of another picket line, the one of August 15 before the office of the College Art Association, when eighty-three were arrested. Others were "first offenders."

Magistrate Louis Brodsky heard the case. So did two Hearst reporters, though the Hearst papers never carried a line on the trial. The police witnesses contradicted one another's testimony. They seemed to find it very difficult to pick the offending artists from among the crowd of faces in the courtroom. Two or three of their selections had not been anywhere near the picket line. One did not even know where The Mirror office was located. The case of the people was a howling burlesque.

The judge found ten of the defendants guilty. Four of the ten had not even been identified in court. The judge made the others promise to be good.

The fight goes on. September 15, The Mirror extended its attack to the actors and theater workers on the Drama Relief projects. Writers and poets are next in line as Hearst continues to whoop up his Red scare against the whole white-collar phase of W.P.A. The Artists Union is carrying the brunt of the battle. Workers on relief projects will have to fight the Hearst type of slander as well as wage-cuts and other forms of exploitation as the approach of a presidential election year brings on an ever sharper crisis among the warring factions of bourgeois politics. The fight of the Artists Union calls for the support of all white-collar workers, both employed and unemployed.

THE ART PATRON — *Eugene Morley*

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Sad Nonsense

SENSE AND POETRY, by John Sparrow. Yale University Press. $2.

TRANSITION. An Intercontinental Workshop for Vertigralist Transmutation. Edited by Eugene Jolas. Servire Press. The Hague, Holland. Distributed in America by Moss & Kamin, 1423 Sixth Avenue, New York.

MR. SPARROW'S way of reaching a source is like tracing water to a faucet. He finds that the belligerent nonsense that so much of modern poetry is, began gushing from the French Symbolists and, with that, considers his problems of origin solved. Next he holds out in not very well chosen quotations, samples of the unintelligible which are, undeniably, unfit for human consumption. Then he offers a cause, the poet's desire to deal with verbal associations and verbal music, what might be called the ultra-violet and infra-red areas of the language spectrum, a desire which required the abandonment of sense. Finally, his scholarly restraint collapsing, he concludes irritably, that the nonsense is nonsense.

Aside from the fact that, in a number of cases he cannot or will not see sense where there is sense, Mr. Sparrow's analysis is fair as far as it goes. But he announces, as if it were an especially respectable act, that he will leave untouched social determinants. But that is a refusal to come to the core of the problem. It leaves the implication that the whole movement was founded on personal whim and that this whim of the symbolists lasted, certainly the endurance record for whims, through several generations.

Moreover, it was an astonishingly general whim. It is hard to understand how Mr. Sparrow could fail to observe that in the other arts there were analogous whims. There was a general violation in each of the major arts of what might be called its "sense," dissonance in music, malformations in the plastic arts. In each there was a dissection of forms similar to the breakdown of the stanza of the rhythmic line and of words into syllables practised by a number of the poets; and superimpositions of planes, overlaying of harmonies similar to the running together of words that became another quite general poetic practice. If Mr. Sparrow does not ask himself why these occurred, readers may ask him. What would he answer? Would he then, considering the state of the world, see any relation between these disintegrations and mutilations of art forms, and the disintegrations, mutilations and wrecks of social institutions and economic relationships? Will he notice any resemblance between T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land* and the Illinois coal fields, Allen Tate's elegies and the mausoleums in Washington, the upward curves of insanity and suicide and Cummings' nonmen and Dali's dreams?

For I think one conclusion is common to all the historians of the arts, that in one way or another, every artist, no matter how in some respects he may be in advance of his time or a deliberate antiquarian, nevertheless records his time, registers his world. He may try to escape it; he may deliberately set out to do something else, yet, when his work is examined, he has made, be it unconsciously or even against his will, a portrait of the section of society that he was in sight of.

Today we can understand what used to dazzle and bewilder us in the chaos of the modern arts. We now see that unintelligibility suited a world reduced to political and economic unreason; that it was normal to express disintegration by disintegration, disharmony by disharmony—and repulsive reality by flight—until, the refuges being cut off, they had to be met by decisions.

What is left to those artists who finding no refuges nevertheless cannot come to decisions? Such a remnant is left, a few American expatriates wandering between European capitals and some former surrealistes. The finest talents have left them; most of the Americans are home and are giving their energies to the growing revolutionary movement here; the best of the French writers are among the shock troopers of the People's Front, building effective mass defenses against fascism.

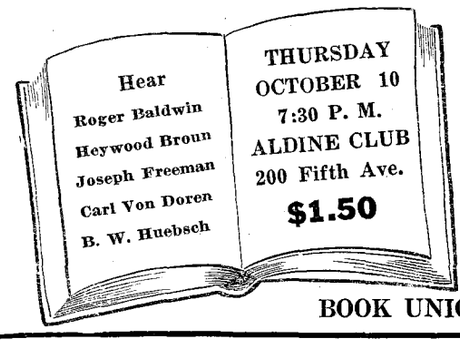
This remnant gives an answer in the latest issue of *Transition*. It is a pitiful answer, a self-degrading answer, that begs for the artist the tolerance that quacks and fortune tellers ask for, but without as good an excuse; they do not do their hocus-pocus for a living and it gives no solace to their dupes. After admitting that the character of modern art is a symptom of civilization in collapse and after expressing sympathy with the revolutionary attack upon capitalism it exempts its group from any obligation in the struggle and asks leave to retreat into a mysticism more narcotic than Eliot's Episcopalianism, or Waugh's Catholicism.

"The artist re-develops in himself ancient and mutilated sensibilities that have an analogy with those used in the mythological-magical mode of thought in the primitive man, with prophetic revelations, with orphic mysteries, with mystic theology such as that of Dionysius Areopagita, with the Kaballa, Tao, Hindoo philosophy, with Egyptian wisdom, with gnostic rapture, with mantic experiences like those of Van Roesbroeck, Boehme, Master Eckhardt, St. John of the Cross, with the attitude of the early romantics, with the mental habits still extant in folklore and fairy tales, with clairvoyance, clairaudience, day and night dreaming, even with sub-human or psychotic thinking." This is the program announced in their manifesto which launches the successor to surrealism—"Vertigral."

Their "sub-human" thinking is to be done in a new vocabulary consisting of "mantic" words, similar to voodoo terms. The editor, Eugene Jolas, describes his state of mind before he began working out a "mantic" vocabulary: "I noticed in my own linguistic development that the words in my native and acquired tongues were beginning to wear out. Having used creatively the three principal European languages, I saw how in each one of them I was reaching a dead point beyond which there was no use going." He then gives us a list of some of his mantic words: "I name-invented such words as: Grala, Ascaton, Alzneiwein, Spaenlein, Sickermore, Old Griper, Verstehung, Hiera Ut, Gillabet, Cosmosa, Zweegey-Weegey, Bourgeoisin Geantade, Grandoloquet, Lussurus, Garillon, Melodore and numerous others."

In preparing what he calls his "revolution of language" Jolas received opinions extending to thirty-five closely-printed pages, by well-known writers; of these Malcolm Cowley's was most to the point:

> In the present world crisis, a revolution in language would hasten the reintegration of the human personality just about as much as a slug



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of apple-jack would help a corpse. Language doesn't come first; it comes afterwards and modifies itself to express the social changes that have taken place already.

Just now we don't need new words. We could get along very well without at least 98 percent of the 500,000 words listed in the big English dictionaries.

As for creating new words, Lenin and Stalin did that by helping to create new conditions that would call for them. For a writer to sit in his study and talk about creating new words is just about as useless as sitting in the Ritz Bar talking about the equality of man.

Undeterred, however, Mr. Jolas wrote and as editor printed a huge assortment of mantic effusions of which this autobiographical sample must suffice

my words trioed strife
my triwords nomadstrolled
my delugewords flowed through the heraclitean sluice

declinations slipdrooped debris
accusatives clingclanged leaps
genitives icarusfell
verbs sweeptwisted sounds
substantives strainscaled adjectives
patios words wedded artwords
sunverbs flightrocketed against nightnouns

In the literary travail of the last generation, as in the general travail, there is both death and birth. In the swelling vigor of the proletarian arts we can see birth. Those with necrophile tastes who would like to be in on the death, should purchase this copy of *Transition*. They will hear the delirium and the last gasp in the veritable mantic words.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

More About Mexico

CHAOS IN MEXICO, by Charles S. MacFarland. Harper and Brothers. $2.

ORGANIZED LABOR IN MEXICO, by Marjorie Ruth Clark. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

TEMPEST OVER MEXICO, by Rosa E. King. Atlantic Monthly Press. Little, Brown. $3.

REVEREND MacFarland, who warns us at the beginning that his book is apt to leave us in "inextricable confusion" and that hence it is the best proof that he has written an "accurate story," is chiefly concerned with the conflict between church and state. Any serious student of Mexican history knows that this conflict at bottom represents a struggle for economic and political power between a feudal hierarchy allied with the most reactionary elements of the ruling class and a fascist-minded dictatorship supported by American imperialism. If Dr. MacFarland were aware of this, he would readily agree that the vast majority of Mexicans can hope for very little social or spiritual benefit from either side.

However, since he is equipped only with a liberal attitude and a desire to be "fair" to both church and state, he becomes entangled in a mass of hopelessly contradictory rumors, opinions, official statements and reports, with the result that his "accurate story" has no meaning whatsoever. It does serve one purpose, though; it proves once more that liberalism, in the best and most progressive sense of the term, is helpless without a realistic historical background and a critical method, and that under these circumstances it tends to become a mere device for avoiding the responsibility of facing issues squarely. In general, most of the chaos in Mexico turns out to be chaos in MacFarland.

Organized Labor in Mexico, on the other hand, is undoubtedly the most important work on Mexico that has appeared in this country in recent years. It is first systematic study of the subject and fairly bristles with significant facts, carefully gathered and well substantiated. Nothing is so important for an understanding of twentieth century Mexico as an accurate knowledge of its labor movement.

There has always been a great deal of confusion in this country as to the actual status of organized labor in Mexico. Its militancy, its frequent displays of powers and its official prestige have hidden its essential weaknesses from all but close observers. In the beginning (some thirty years ago) it was handicapped by anarcho-syndicalist tendencies brought over from Europe by Spanish exiles. As early as 1912 it had already developed one of its most debilitating characteristics: dependence on government support. Since 1917, as Professor Clark points out, "the Mexican labor organizations have been in the somewhat anomalous position of possessing the most advanced labor laws in the world, outside of Russia and of benefiting from that legislation only so far as they have been able, through their own strength or through political intrigue, to exert sufficient pressure to secure enforcement of the laws."

For a time Mexican labor was under the influence of the I.W.W. Later it fell under the evil spell of Gompers and the A.F. of L. leadership; since 1929, when the Communist Party was driven underground, it has had to face the hostility of a government which, for all its demagogy, had turned definitely conservative. All in all, in spite of some spectacular victories, the Mexican labor movement has suffered so deeply from corrupt and reformist leadership, from inter-union strife (in the 1926 Isthmus Railway strike one union served as strike-breakers against another), from collaboration with pseudo-revolutionary governments and from the tireless opposition of native and foreign exploiters that even today, to quote Professor Clark, "Mexican labor has . . . to fight against some of the most common abuses of the worker, and for some of the most elementary rights which workers in other countries have gained."

If this picture of organized labor below the Rio Grande seems entirely dark, it is only so in relation to its great potentialities. Compared with its position before the Revolution of 1910, it has of course made enormous progress. Since the writing of this book (1933) noticeable gains have been made. Just a few months ago, facing the danger of open fascist assault by Calles, the organized proletariat was not only instrumental in unseating the dictator, but it laid

INTERNATIONAL

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By A. LOZOVSKY

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the foundations of the first really independent united labor front in Mexico. That this move coincides with the emergence of an invigorated Communist Party from its underground position is significant. Professor Clark has unfortunately failed to appreciate the intrinsic importance of the Communist Party and of the C. S. U. M. (Mexican Unitarian Syndicalist Federation) though in 1933 they were undeniably feeble.

Moreover, Mrs. King's whole approach to the class struggle is at best progressive-reformist, even though the entire mass of data which fills her book indicates with overwhelming certitude that the only true solution to the problems of the Mexican workers is a revolutionary one.

A united front of industrial labor will not, in the end, be effective unless it includes the landless agricultural laborers, by far the most numerous body of Mexican workers. This is not only the most pressing but the most difficult task that faces the working class.

It must be said Professor Clark on the whole recognizes this fact, but she devotes too little space to the history of organized agrarian labor. In particular, she completely neglects the largest and most militant labor movement that Mexico has ever known—the armed peons whom Zapata led for nine years in a revolutionary struggle for "Land and Liberty." Certainly the "Plan de Ayala," historic document setting forth the aims of the Zapata movement, should have had ample discussion in this book commensurate with its importance.

There are other criticisms that can be made of "Organized Labor in Mexico," both of a specific and general nature; of the latter, the most serious would be the failure to appreciate (1) the significance of the contradictions between the legal and actual status of labor; (2) the complex role of foreign imperialism in the Mexican class struggle. Nevertheless, the shortcomings of this book do not prevent it from taking its place as a timely and worthy contribution to Mexican history.

Tempest Over Mexico could almost be dismissed as the story of the Mexican Revolution seen from a tea-room, if it were not for the fact that Mrs. King, the proprietor of the tea-room and later of a hotel in Cuernavaca, is a woman with human sympathies and truly generous impulses. Hampered by aristocratic class affiliations (her prose smacks of an insipid female gentility) and an almost complete ignorance of the realities of Mexican history, she was nevertheless able to discover, by induction, as it were, the meaning of the events she witnessed and finally to approve of the aspirations of the oppressed Mexican masses. Still, considering the crop of *Mexicana* this year, *Tempest Over Mexico* ranks high and deserves to be read.

CHARLES WEDGER.

Lewis Carroll

THE RUSSIAN JOURNAL and other selections from the works of Lewis Carroll. Edited and with an Introduction by John Francis McDermott. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00.

WHEN asked whether "The Hunting of the Snark" was a political satire, Carroll had but one answer "I don't know." As for the genesis of writing, in an essay "Alice on the Stage" (1887), he distinguished between times when the Muse had to say something and times when she had something to say. Of the genesis of *Alice* and the *Looking-Glass,* he said they "were made up almost wholly of bits and scraps, single ideas which came of themselves," and he desired no higher praise to be written of him than "He gave the people of his best; the worst he kept."

The dream world of Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* has never offended predatory interests because they are ever too callous or too stupid to notice that the guilelessness of his nonsense exists on a tangent departing at some point on the periphery of sense. Carroll ultimately refused to commit himself as to whether his nonsense had any overt meaning. But the nonsense recorded its own testimony.

When the insistence of the Queen of Hearts that the sentence be given before the verdict makes Alice's dream too terrible to go on, the entire fantastic court—a pack of cards—rises into the air and Alice as defendant—not witness—wakes. The Hatter who kept hats to sell, but had none of his own—"what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin"—is also remembered.

And in this excellent collection of Carrolliana, till now inaccessible, are to be found:

". . . Plato makes his characters display at once their blind acquiescence in their instructor's opinions, and their utter inability to express themselves grammatically. But the writer . . . proceeds from questions to demands, 'give me (of) the bread'; and here the conversation abruptly ceases, but the moral of the whole is pointed in the narrative: 'she gave him a box on the ear'. This is not the philosophy of one individual or nation, the sentiment is, if I may so say, European; and I am borne out in *this* theory by the fact that the book has evidently been printed in three parallel columns, English, French and German." (*A Broken Spell,* 1856).

"Next we went to the Treasury and saw thrones, crowns and jewels—until one began to think that those three articles were rather more common than blackberries. On some of the thrones, &c. the pearls were literally showered like rain."

". . . . Königsberg. On our way to the station, we came across the grandest instance of the "Majesty of Justice" that I have ever witnessed—A little boy was being taken to the magistrate, or to prison (probably for picking a pocket). The achievement of this feat had been entrusted to two soldiers in full uniform, who were solemnly marching, one in front of the poor little creature, and one behind; with bayonets fixed of course, to be ready to charge in case he should attempt an escape. . . ."

"Ten and one-half P.M. Hearing a squeaking noise in the street, I have just looked out, and observed a policeman (or a being of that kind) on his beat." (The last three quotations from *Journal of a Tour in Russia in 1867.*)

And so on, for pages.

LOUIS ZUKOFSKY.

Texas Chain Gang and Finnish Prison

A FOOL OF FAITH, by Jarl Hemmer. Liveright Publishing Corp. $2.

SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN, by Carl Christian Jensen. Lothrop, Lee and Shepherd. $2.50.

BROADLY speaking, *A Fool of Faith* by Jarl Hemmer and *Seventy Times Seven* by Carl Christian Jensen invite comparison. Both books are based on "diaries," the writers of which still muddle in the morass of theology and the Christian-Hebraic tradition. Furthermore both authors are of Scandinavian stock, though Jensen migrated at an early age to the United States.

A Fool of Faith is the life story of one Johan Samuel Strang, of Finnish and Swedish ancestry, who leaves the farm of his father for a drunken career in the university and a lecherous, blasphemous life as a priest. A chauvinistic hatred of the Russians blurs the image of his god. He hated "the red rabble" and was astounded to find so many of his own countrymen fighting for Communism. In fact, there were so many Finnish Reds that they took over the country. And Strang prayed for intervention, victory for the whites. It was "the great day" when the Germans came, mowing down the insufficiently equipped workers' and peasants' army with silent, murderous efficiency. But even the drunken priest, Strang, was forced to admit that, although he hated the Red Army, "their contempt for death was remarkable, although they had the most experienced troops in the world against them. . . . Men who can fight like that are not bandits pure and simple. Can man show such self-sacrificing courage without a great belief in his cause?" he asks.

After the victory of the intervention, th whites regained power and the workers

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the revolution were thrown into concentration camps, where Strang was sent as prison chaplain. Months on end he was forced to watch the starvation and torture and execution of Communists—both men and women. And when he came to them with a nationalistic Finnish Jesus upon his lips, they spat in his face. This depressed Strang. Commandant Palsta had told him "how to treat the swine." It was Strang's job to make the condemned prisoners stand up to death "as submissively as children." But the revolutionary workers of Finland merely spat in his face.

"The most important thing, the most lamentable thing is that the whole of our teaching has lost its vital strength," Strang says. And so he concluded that a great deed was needed. And he disguised himself to escape into the concentration camp as a prisoner, as a condemned revolutionist, to spread sweet light. He came to them as little Jesus and they no longer spat upon his words, but unmoved they remained to the end, an end in which Strang was shot in place of an escaped convict.

This is the story of *A Fool of Faith*. And Strang is a fool, though lusty and inquiring in the practice of his deceits. But there is no evidence to make one believe that Hemmer intended to pass such judgment upon Strang, nor does Strang himself arrive at any social conclusion that will bear even the weight of his own narrative.

A Fool of Faith is an ambitious piece of work, well written and largely conceived, but because the premises of an outworn theology and a rotten nationalistic bourgeoisie are its postulates, the whole structure of the novel cracks and totters.

Seventy Times Seven, on the other hand, although conceived and written on a smaller scale is a more authentic piece of work. Jensen has taken a prisoner in one of the Texas Chain Gangs as the protagonist of his plot. He is called Duke for want of a better name. Since he is troubled with amnesia, his "diary" is necessarily confused. Jensen employs the stream of consciousness technique and attempts to delineate Duke's struggle for recognition of his own soul. Therefore, though the most shocking prison conditions are described and the social system which made them possible condemned by implication, still the perspective and concentration is upon the individual problem, the single life.

Seventy Times Seven is a good, an honest book—in spite of the fact that some of the random memories of the protagonist seem artificially created—and even though the attempt was not as ambitious as that of *A Fool of Faith,* Jensen's is the more convincing achievement. NORMAN MACLEOD.

Science at the Crossroads

GENETICS AND THE SOCIAL ORDER, by Mark Graubard. Tomorrow Publishers, New York, 75 cents.

EVOLUTION IN SCIENCE AND RELIGION, by Robert Andrews Millikan. Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.

OUR ARYAN ANCESTORS, by Fleming Howell, M.D. Meador Publishing Co., Boston. $2.

IT IS pertinent to consider these volumes together, for the author in each case is a person trained in some field of the natural sciences and is here dealing with social phenomena; and, moreover, while Dr. Millikan, the well-known winner of the Nobel Prize in Physics, and Dr. Howell are what we would call bourgeois apologists, Dr. Graubard is a Marxist, a dialectical materialist. We are thus afforded an opportunity to compare Marxist and non-Marxist scientists in attempts to carry over scientific method into their analyses of some phases of social organization. The result of the comparison is striking. The bourgeois idealogues prove themselves to be confused (Dr. Millikan admits he is "groping" for an answer to his problem), unscientific in that they neglect relevant facts staring them in the face and smug in the unquestionable righteousness of their conclusions. Dr. Graubard, on the other hand, maintains throughout his volume a presentation that is clear, realistic and stimulating.

Our Aryan Ancestors is a recrudescence of the myth of Nordic supremacy, but on a broader scale the whole "Aryan race" and not merely the Nordics, being shown to be "more or less disposed to . . . the better feelings of humanity, accordingly as their blood has remained more or less pure."

Dr. Howell finds evidence for this conclusion in the historical development of the various Aryan groups. The treatment of his material is throughout the book naïve, vague and dull; the above quotation is typical. Such questions for instance, as the definition of "race" (the word is used to designate not only the Aryans, but subdivisions of the Aryans), the effect of climatic, geographic and technological levels on the character of an ethnic group, the present collapse of a predominantly Aryan-controlled world and the attendant crushing by war and fascism of all "the better feelings of humanity"— such questions do not concern him. He continues:

> Those who may read what I have written and who get a fairly accurate conception [sic!] of the Aryan race, as compared with all other races, will certainly acquire a comfortable sense of self-respect, and be inspired to a more earnest and loyal love for the great race to which they belong.

And, he may have added, Aryan imperialists should feel no compunctions in sucking super-profits out of non-Aryan subject races.

Dr. Millikan's book is the seventh printing of the Terry Lectures he originally delivered at Yale University in 1927. In these lectures, suave but colorless and properly sprinkled with Biblical quotations, he presents the thesis that religion is subject to an evolution determined by the changing level of man's scientific knowledge of the world. So it would seem. But a careful reading of the book shows that what Dr. Millikan believes is that science has been a useful handmaiden serving religion by revealing new characteristics of God in its discoveries of the workings of the natural world.

Thus Galileo's work resulted in demonstrating "a God who works through law," while Darwin's researches in evolution ushered in "a new revelation of God to man . . . a conception of progress has entered the thought of man." The cat is definitely let out of the bag in the last sentence of the book: "Modern science, of the real sort, is slowly learning to walk humbly with its God and in learning that lesson it is contributing something to religion."

We, of course, have no quarrel with Dr. Millikan when he contends that religion has evolved. The evolutionary character of the history of Dr. Millikan's own subject of investigation, physics and the facts of radioactive transformation, which he admits have "forced us, for the first time [in 1927] to begin to think in terms of a universe which is changing, living, growing, even in its elements—a dynamic instead of a static universe" are for us more corroborative evidence again proving the universal correctness of Marx's penetrating wisdom. But we cannot agree with Dr. Millikan's belief that the never ceasing growth of scientific knowledge continuously reveals new attributes of God. Quite the contrary. Religion arose from primitive man's animistic attempts to explain the world. Today, as an institutionalized weapon of the bourgeosie, it is being used to maintain an illusory happiness in the great masses of the people. Science is the very opposite of this. Every scientific development, by helping to correlate and explain natural phenomena, removes some of the animistic foundations of religion. While the unrestrained application of science to the control of the conditions of human existince can and in the Soviet Union does, bring real happiness to the masses of mankind and results in the withering of religion.

Dr. Millikan is far from scientific in marshalling evidence to prove his thesis. Two examples will suffice. He interprets Darwinism as meaning "progress" and in developing this notion states that "nature is at bottom benevolent." This is not Darwinism. This is advocacy of progressive evolution which in the biological world is a theory known as Orthogenesis, unpropounded by Darwin, unaccepted by the contemporary heirs of Darwin, the genetical evolutionists such as T. H. Morgan and unsupported by any factual basis. Darwin himself in the *Origin of Species* stresses the absence of benevolence in nature and the existence instead of a bitter struggle for existence as

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the driving force in the origin of species. Dr. Millikan's second fault is his complete neglect of religion as an institution. His *idea* of religion has no relation to the *facts* of religious history. Does he not know that organized religion has stubbornly opposed the acceptance of every one of his major scientific achievements that were supposed to be revealing God? Is he unaware of the part played by the respective religious bodies of the various belligerent countries during the last war? Is he blind to the complete helplessness of the church faced with the problem of solving the capitalist world's crisis and stemming the rapidly mounting tide of war and fascism? Surely Dr. Millikan must know all these things. Yet, excellent scientist that he is in his physical laboratory, when he steps out into the arena of social forces his rigorous scientific procedure disappears.

Dr. Millikan's book is not merely a polemic for religion; it is also in part a veiled attack on unbelievers whom he dubs "undiscerning" and "thoughtless." Such phrases as "the red mob" and "the emotional futility of the radical" appear in the text and clearly disclose the animus that spurs our author to action. He has seen the specter of Communism. Dr. Millikan takes no chance of being misunderstood in regard to which side of the barricades he would choose if forced to a choice. He describes himself as "the open-minded seeker after truth"—denying the validity of both fundamentalism and atheism. However:

> If I myself were confronted with a choice between these two types of dogmatic religion, fundamentalism, and atheism, and could not find a way to take to the woods, I should choose fundamentalism as the less irrational of the two, and the more desirable. . . .

In direct contrast to the debasement of science that characterizes the above books is the rigorous scientific approach of Dr. Graubard's *Genetics and the Social Order*.

Dr. Graubard is concerned with the synthesis of man, the biological entity, with man, the social being. Beginning with Marx and Engels, Marxists have studied the manifold aspects of human society; but the detailed examination of the relation of the biology of man with his sociology has remained quite untouched. Dr. Graubard presents us with a treatment of this problem outstanding in its breadth and usefulness.

The first half of the volume takes up the necessary biological fundamentals. Dr. Graubard wishes to avoid the practices of "many revolutionary adherents who are so overcome by the powerful sweep and unifying scope of Marxism that out of sheer mental sluggishness they apply it like a mechanical formula, neglecting the necessity of a thorough factual foundation."

By implication the whole of biology is the foundation for this study, but for the immediate needs of his book Dr. Graubard discusses the facts and laws of heredity, the theory of the gene and the theory of evolution—in a word, genetics. The biological basis established, the author then proceeds to use it as a tool for rational analyses of some of the more involved aspects of human biology that have social implications, such as pureness of type, behavior and eugenics.

The rigor and soundness of his scientific attack is particularly brought out in his genetical analysis of the problem of human types. Dr. Graubard carries over into the human species the means for the classification of mutant races that has been found by T. H. Morgan and his school of geneticists to be so successful with the fruit fly. This method gives an absolutely definite procedure and criterion for pureness of types. Dr. Graubard concludes that

> race cannot be a very useful term of classification in man. It has clear biologic meaning and is the unit of evolution, but has no social meaning, since any individual may belong to any race according to the character by which we choose to classify a population. Randomness of mating is very strong because of our large population and the ease of communication and spread. For this reason the *Biological scale* is not *socially* useful.

This should be compared with the rantings of a Hitler and his academic yes-men who have fetishized race purity.

The most important chapters of *Genetics and the Social Order* are those entitled: "The Science of Human Nature," "Heredity in Man" and "The Eugenic Program of Superiority and Sterilization." In these chapters psychoanalysis and eugenics are analyzed, behaviorism intelligently criticized and the limitations of the excellent work of modern anthropologists discussed. These pages are savory with salty comment and shrewd analysis. Most important, however, is that Dr. Graubard does not stop at mere criticism. He is above all concerned with replacing the unscientific in the above fields with rational integrated accounts of human behavior interacting with social structures.

> It has been made possible by a dialectical analysis of human society where two forces interact to produce a complex synthesis that must be understood. The two different forces are biological variation and social formation which interact to form varieties and stocks superimposed by nationalities, which are social phenomena. Only when we see the dialectical interaction between biologic and social forms, together with a clear picture of the economic and political forces which determine the mode and rate of social development, can we have a clear understanding of the situation. . . .

Dr. Graubard thus gives us a truly dialectical solution. On the one hand we have biological variation, a universal phenomenon of the organic world, found in man no less than in lower organisms and fully understood only in terms of genetics. On the other hand is social structure which can be studied scientifically only through Marxism. A consideration of these two shows that the many tasks that must be performed in a society are naturally supplied with manpower for "biology provides every human group with a wide distribution of kind and degree of capacity . . . precisely this biological variation makes social life possible."

However, warns Dr. Graubard: "It is a sign of arrested development to 'be proud' of one's biological makeup. No individual has anything to do with it and one's genic composition is only the product of a chance meeting of a particular sperm with a particular egg . . . from a social point of view all members of society, so long as they perform useful work, must be considered equal."

It is clear now that Dr. Graubard has given us a detailed scientific analysis of the first part of Marx's famous statement epitomizing Communist society: "From each according to his capacity; to each according to his needs." Marx wrote this about eighty years ago—decades before the science of genetics and variation were even investigated. It is a great tribute to his profound genius that he could nevertheless strike to the very core of the problem that still perplexes contemporary bourgeois professors.

The appearance of Dr. Graubard's book is a unique event in American scientific letters—for it is the first volume on this continent covering a special field of science written by a Marxist scientist. It bodes well for the future of American science.

The book is written in a fluent and very readable style which, however, is marred here and there by not a few lapses into crudities of expression and unnecessary colloquialisms and by some errors (typographical?) in diagrams and terminology. Fortunately these nowhere detract from the validity of Dr. Graubard's main argument.

G. GAARD.

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A ONE-MAN BAND

William Gropper

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Hearts of Gold, Heads of—

ROBERT FORSYTHE

IN most respects it is easier to deal with an outright scoundrel than with a gentleman of good intentions and no understanding. What prompts me to these thoughts are two plays current in New York—*If This Be Treason,* the peace play by Dr. John Haynes Holmes and Reginald Lawrence and *Winterset,* the new Maxwell Anderson play which is based upon the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Both are sincere efforts by worthy men, men for whom I have respect, and instead of being helpful for the causes they are advocating, they are harmful and in the case of the Holmes' play, definitely dangerous.

If I speak in this way it is with no desire to humiliate either Dr. Holmes or Mr. Anderson. In the broader sense they want what the rest of us want—a better world, an honest world, a world of peace and sanity. But because Dr. Holmes is a pacifist and a Gandhist he refuses to examine the true causes of war. He prefers to believe in the wicked-man theory of conflict. If the Kaiser had not been a bad man, we should not have had the World War. If Mussolini was not a bad man, we should not have the aggression against Ethiopia. *If This Be Treason* deals with an American President who refuses to allow the war-mongers to force him into battle even when the Japanese have taken Manila and sunk our ships. Faced by impeachment for refusing to use the army and navy for war purposes even after Congress has declared war, the President proceeds to Japan and stimulates the peace-loving people of that country to repudiate their own war-makers.

It is not enough to scoff at this as a fantasy. One is caught up by the idea even when he knows it to be not only nonsensical but viciously misleading for all those who care deeply about peace. Much of its effectiveness lies in the genuine and desperate desire of people to avoid war. Because the audience, like Dr. Holmes, is unaware of what makes wars, they will seize upon anything, no matter how remote, to bolster up their hope that war can somehow be halted. It gives people who are vaguely on the side of peace a chance to feel that they have done something definite in behalf of peace when they have put in attendance at the Music Box Theatre and applauded Mr. McKay Morris defying the members of Congress.

It is all childish and tragic and saddening. Denunciation is not enough. To cry out against Dr. Holmes as an evil man misleading the public will not solve the problem. He is not an evil man; he is an honest and sincere and infinitely harmful man. If he were working for the duPonts, he could do no more to confuse the public. He divides the peace forces at a time when only a militant peace policy has a chance to prevent disaster. Since there is no President available (and no Premier, no Emperor, no Dictator) who will go to Japan or elsewhere to confer with the peace societies of the enemy countries, the effect of *If This Be Treason* is not that of another *Peter Pan* but of something as false and deceptive as a Warner Brothers film.

Unless one understands that there can be no lasting peace on earth so long as capitalism and imperialistic force prevail, there is no hope. The picture of the great capitalistic minds faced by another World War would be ludicrous if it were not so tragic and fateful. When The New York Herald Tribune, the organ of Republican authority, says editorially of the war problem, *"yesterday the crisis became abruptly an imaginative reality. But how has it come? What is it about? The answer is lost in a sense of complete and helpless mystification,"* one doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. Even faced with disaster, they refuse to see. Brought to their own ruin by the contradictions of the industrial anarchism they cling to so pathetically, they still do not see. Dr. Holmes, a quite different person, does not see. He fought for peace during the World War at a time when his old peace friends were crying for the blood of the Hun. He believes that only non-resistance and Christ-like humility can win man from his blood lusts. He has believed in the Christian Socialist theories of Ramsay MacDonald and George Lansbury. He still believes in the theories of Gandhi. But the weight of the Christian Socialist theories of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Lansbury fell upon the turn-the-other-cheek policies of Mr. Gandhi when they threatened the financial profits of the British Empire, which the two English gentlemen were representing.

Whatever war was in the days of Knights and Ladies and Crusades and Napoleons, it is now strictly an economic matter. When Dr. Holmes confuses this with his bad-man theory of war, he is doing nothing for the cause of peace. Strictly understood, his play is another form of black magic, an incantation, a desire to avoid facts by ignoring them. Just as a savage may feel certain he has stayed the hand of death by chalking a blue cross over his heart, Dr. Holmes seeks to deny the concrete realities of war and peace by manufacturing a President who will fly across continents bringing peace to mankind. The effect upon the audience is not what one might expect. Because the desire for peace is so real, the audience applauds heartily at scenes which, when analyzed, read like noth-

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ing but travesty, something satirical seen in a musical revue. When I talked with one man about it, he said, "Well, it's better than nothing; it might work." It is as if the world which believes in peace was condemned to put its hope on a 200,000 to 1 chance. It is too much; it is suicide.

Winterset matters a great deal less. Here again the audience is bewildered by the inconclusiveness of Mr. Anderson's play. It is not that they expect a solution; but they do desire a philosophy which will cover such matters. The son of the labor agitator who has been electrocuted in a frame-up such as murdered Sacco and Vanzetti wanders over the land, hoping both to restore his own shattered life and to vindicate the honor of his father. He runs into the nest of crooks who have actually done the murder for which his father was framed. He falls in love with the sister of a young man who was a member of the murder gang. They die together from the bullets of the guilty, victims of God knows what.

Like Dr. Holmes, Mr. Anderson has sincerity and a flaming heart but he lacks knowledge. Because he does not understand the interests at work in such cases as the Haymarket case, the Scottsboro case, the Tom Mooney case and the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he fails to make clear in any sense his own interests. In the sole character of Judge Gaunt who has been rendered dotty by his attempt to convince himself that he was not guilty of railroading an innocent man, Mr. Anderson has seemed to understand the problem. But from that fact he resolutely refuses to draw the proper conclusions or, indeed, to draw any conclusions whatever.

With Dr. Holmes the problem is not artistically important. He is concerned with tackling a situation and he and Mr. Lawrence have done it obviously but with some effectiveness. What is so apparent in the case of Mr. Anderson is that no wealth of artistry can compensate for the lack of a clear understanding mind. He simply does not understand the mind of young Mio, he has not been able in all his years of thinking of the Sacco-Vanzetti case to think it through. By refusing to accept the Marxian theory of class interests, he has cut himself off from the only explanation which can have any validity. Neither blank verse, nor evocative scenery nor sustained fervor can make up the difference.

We need the Andersons and Holmeses and they need us. It was a bad time on 45th Street for us last week—and for Dr. Holmes and Mr. Anderson. It was a situation which cried aloud for Karl Marx. Anybody who wants to laugh at that has my permission. There is no great art without understanding and there can be no understanding where there is a resolute refusal to look boldly upon the truth. The result is that two fine dramatic efforts are doomed to failure. Under any decent form of government, it will obviously be necessary to have Sincerity taken out and shot. By itself it can be the deadliest enemy of reason and common sense.

The Screen

The March of Time

ISSUE six of the *March of Time* emphatically features the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania and life in a C.C.C. camp.

A number of coal companies have closed their mines so thoroughly and for so long that the equipment is disintegrating from corrosion and decay. The miners who worked for these companies were unemployed, their families were hungry, the children lacked clothes and shoes. A market existed for anthracite provided the prices were adjusted to suit the buyer. Apparently the coal companies, with their machine and power equipment were unwilling to meet this price. The miners, with nothing but handtools to work with and trucks to transport their product, were not. So, leaving the company shafts to tumble in from disrepair, the miners sank shafts of their own in the hillsides and presently began to ship coal to the waiting market, and with the profits of their industry to buy beef, beer, bread, clothes, shoes and the other necessities of life which had been denied them since the mines had shut down. . . . In other words, these men simply decided to utilize productively a natural resource which capitalistic enterprise had demonstrated its inability to exploit, and with a measure of success has come a measure of reward, as one thinks ought to be the case in a land of opportunity where self-help has traditionally been regarded as one of the very highest virtues.

Only to hear the Right Guide of Time's March tell it you would fancy that the miners' success was striking at the foundations of the republic. The whole line of chatter is directed at arousing the average citizen to a high pitch of indignation at the idea that productive activity is legitimate even when the major part of its rewards do not go into the pockets of proprietors. The operations of the miners have brought about "the most serious industrial situation" existing in the country. The contraband character of the product is emphasized with shots of truckloads of coal moving darkly through the night. Repeated reference is made to the "stolen coal." And an agreement reached between a company and 350 miners at Shamokin is hailed almost swooningly as pointing the way to "peace." . . . What happened was that the miners agreed to quit digging on their own when the company started operations at fair wages—incidentally the Guide refers to the promised action of the miners as an agreement on their part "to come out of their holes," which plainly suggests the ratlike character of their activity in the eyes of those who conduct the *March of Time*.

The audience received the presentation in almost complete silence. There was something about this simple demonstration of how, under proprietary and technological handicaps, plain workers could make a go of an industry where entrepreneurs could not, that made one think quite different thoughts from those obviously chosen for inculcation by the commentator.

Reaction to the C.C.C. phase of the picture was somewhat different. This is the story of how, with the connivance of a moss-backed chief of police, the upstanding young

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army captain in charge of a C.C.C. camp secures the dismissal of the leaders in a rank-and-file protest against conditions. No attention whatever is given to the question of what conditions actually were. The leaders in the protest are referred to simply as "troublemakers" and the method used by the captain in getting rid of them is tacitly accepted and admired. On the face of it the captain meets the situation by employing a low, mean, exceedingly dirty trick: he has the local police arrest the leaders on some charge or other and hold them until he can classify them as A.W.O.L., which is adequate cause for arbitrary dismissal. The real demonstration is to the effect that the C.C.C. program is so anti-democratic that protest by the rank and file cannot be met openly and squarely and adjustment made on the merits of the case. H. MACMURROUGH.

New Film

Soviet Russia Through the Eyes of an American. (Chas. E. Stuart, Acme Theater): The vocal account accompanying the film is a well-intentioned and sympathetic version of the Soviet Union by an American engineer. Unfortunately the film itself wasn't taken with any skill and shows nothing of an American engineer's point of view of the Soviet Union. Instead the bulk of the film is devoted to pseudo-ethnological studies of the Caucasus, the Crimea and Georgia. In addition the material is horribly edited and suffers from a banal musical score.

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Of NEW MASSES, published weekly at City Hall Annex for Oct. 1, 1935.

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FAY SPIRO, Secretary of Weekly Masses Co., Inc.
Publishers of New Masses.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935.

Sol. Simon, Notary Public.
My commission expires March 30, 1936.

Between Ourselves

WITH this issue THE NEW MASSES is raising its price from 10 cents to 15 cents; approximately proportionate increases in the subscription price are being put into effect a month hence.

This is a step which we have felt for a long time to be necessary in order to put the magazine on a sound economic basis, but which we have hesitated to take because of the possibility of restricting our circulation. On further examination we have decided that the danger that we shall not be able to reach large numbers of readers at 15 cents whom we could reach at 10 cents is not so great as we had feared. With the return of fall activity our circulation has been steadily increasing; the response to recent issues, particularly our art issue last week, has been very encouraging; the price of 15 cents is no more than that of other weeklies in the field; we know that our present body of readers is strongly attached to the magazine; and above all, the change is dictated by our actual economic situation.

At the 10-cent price, no matter what circulation THE NEW MASSES eventually attained, the margin of actual return financially to the magazine was insufficient to cover costs. This is explained by the fact that both our distributing agency and the newsdealers have had to get the magazine at a price to them permitting them sufficient yield. When in addition the necessary weekly return on unsold copies is considered, the net return to THE NEW MASSES represented a definite loss on each copy. At the 15-cent price our financial return, as well as that of the distributor and newsdealer, will be larger. To us as well as to our distributor, Central Distribution Agency, which also handles other left-wing publications, this will mean the certainty of becoming self-sustaining and of growing.

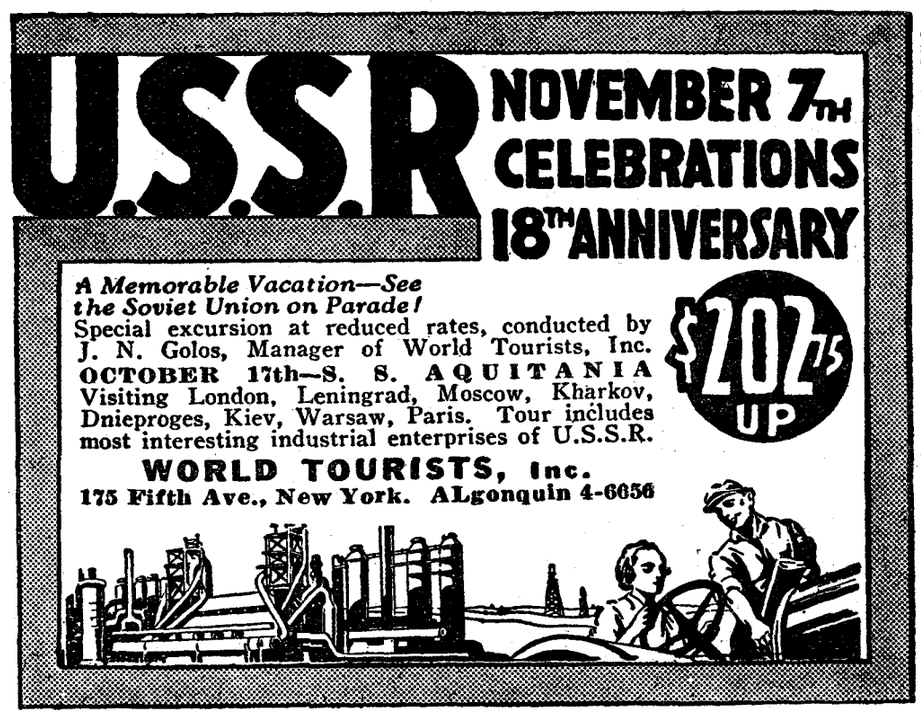
The increase in the subscription rate to $4.50 a year is necessary to maintain a balance between the two classes of readers, but the old rate of $3.50 is being maintained until Nov. 7. All present subscribers will of course continue to receive the magazine at the old rate until the expiration of their subscriptions.

We feel confident that our readers will support us in this move to eliminate our operating deficit, which no unsubsidized weekly magazine can avoid at a price that does not cover production costs.

The New York Friends of THE NEW MASSES are resuming activities with a meeting Wednesday, October 9, at 8.30 p. m., at Webster Manor, 125 East 11th Street. This open membership meeting will consider a program in support of THE NEW MASSES to be carried on during the Fall and Winter. Joseph North, one of the editors of THE NEW MASSES, and John Berman, of THE NEW MASSES promotion staff, will be present. All those who have participated before in the work, as well as those who wish to join now are invited.

William Cunningham's novel *The Green Corn Rebellion* has just been published.

Robert Forsythe's *Redder Than The Rose* has gone into another edition, selling 1,900 copies in one week recently, and maintaining its position on the best-seller list.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